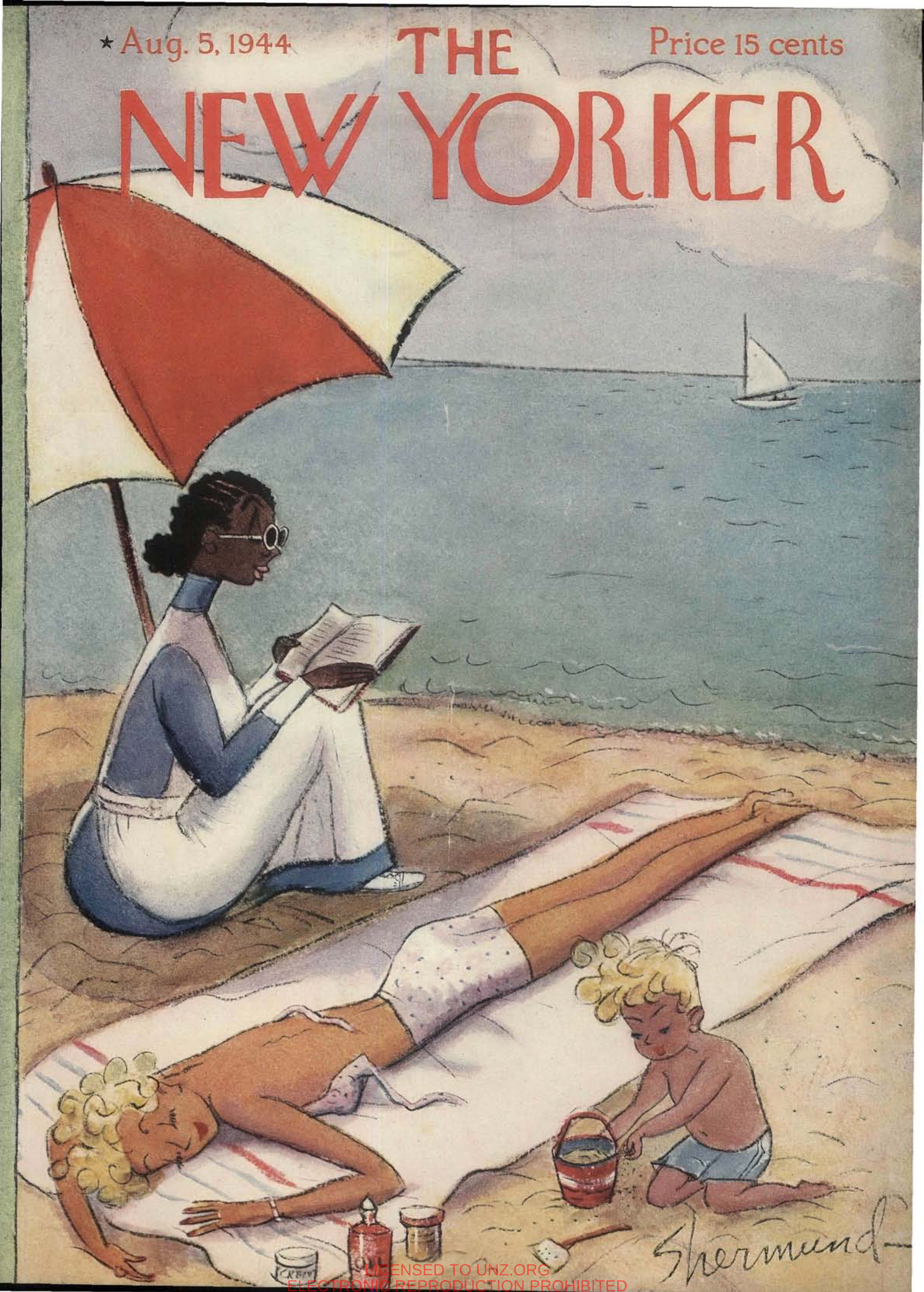
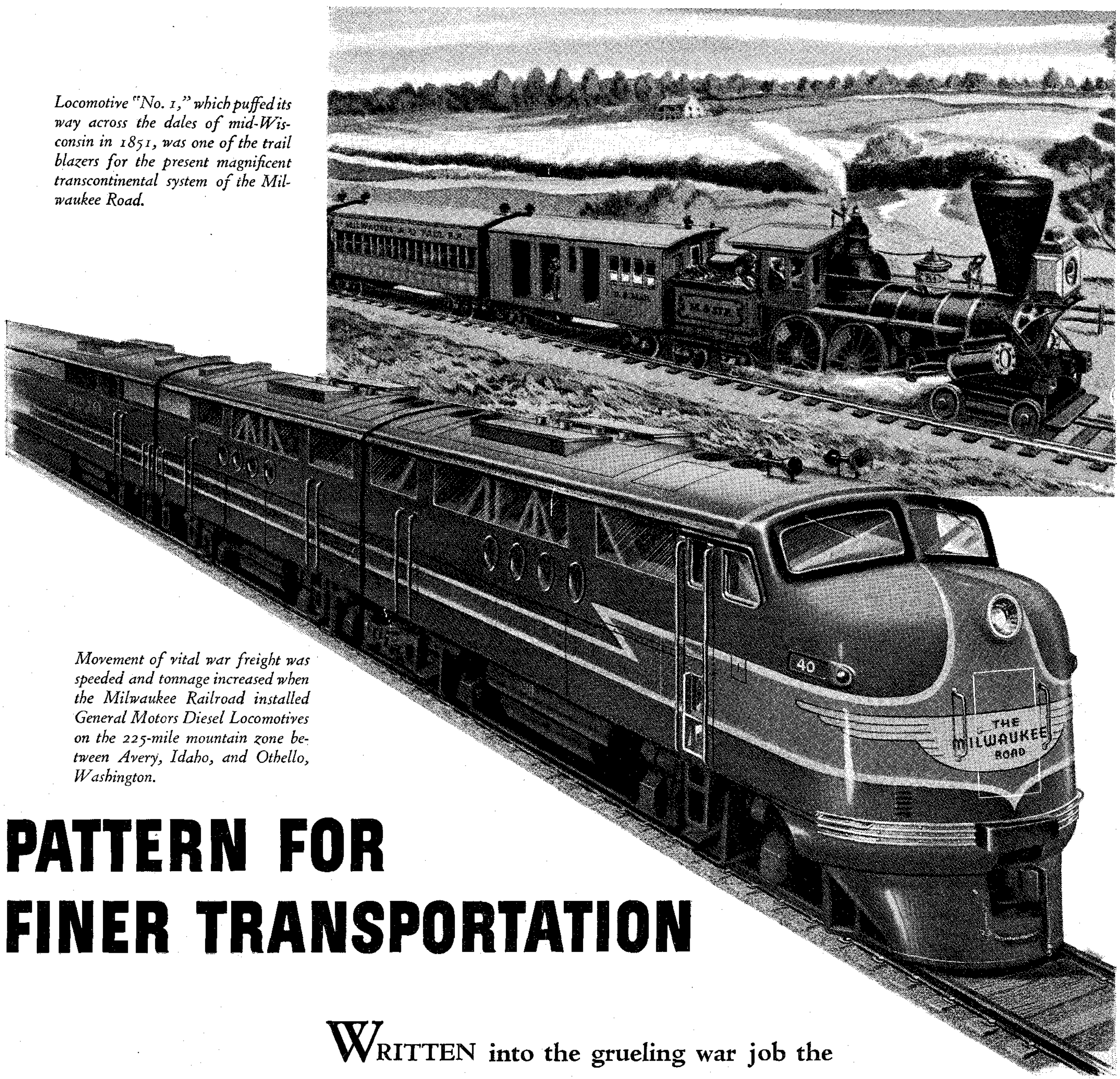
★ Aug. 5, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





Locomotive "No. 1," which puffed its way across the dales of mid-Wisconsin in 1851, was one of the trail blazers for the present magnificent transcontinental system of the Milwaukee Road.

Movement of vital war freight was speeded and tonnage increased when the Milwaukee Railroad installed General Motors Diesel Locomotives on the 225-mile mountain zone between Avery, Idaho, and Othello, Washington.

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WRITTEN into the grueling war job the railroads of America are doing, is the story of this mighty titan of the rails. This is the General Motors Diesel Locomotive. It is displaying the unusual stamina, speed and willingness to work ceaselessly which these urgent times demand. And with such tireless, low-cost, swift service these GM Diesel Locomotives are providing a pattern for finer transportation in the greater days to come.

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. . . next to WAR BONDS
the best loved gift . . . FURS

I remember—do you?

I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love . . . and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough . . . who never complained that other women had more.

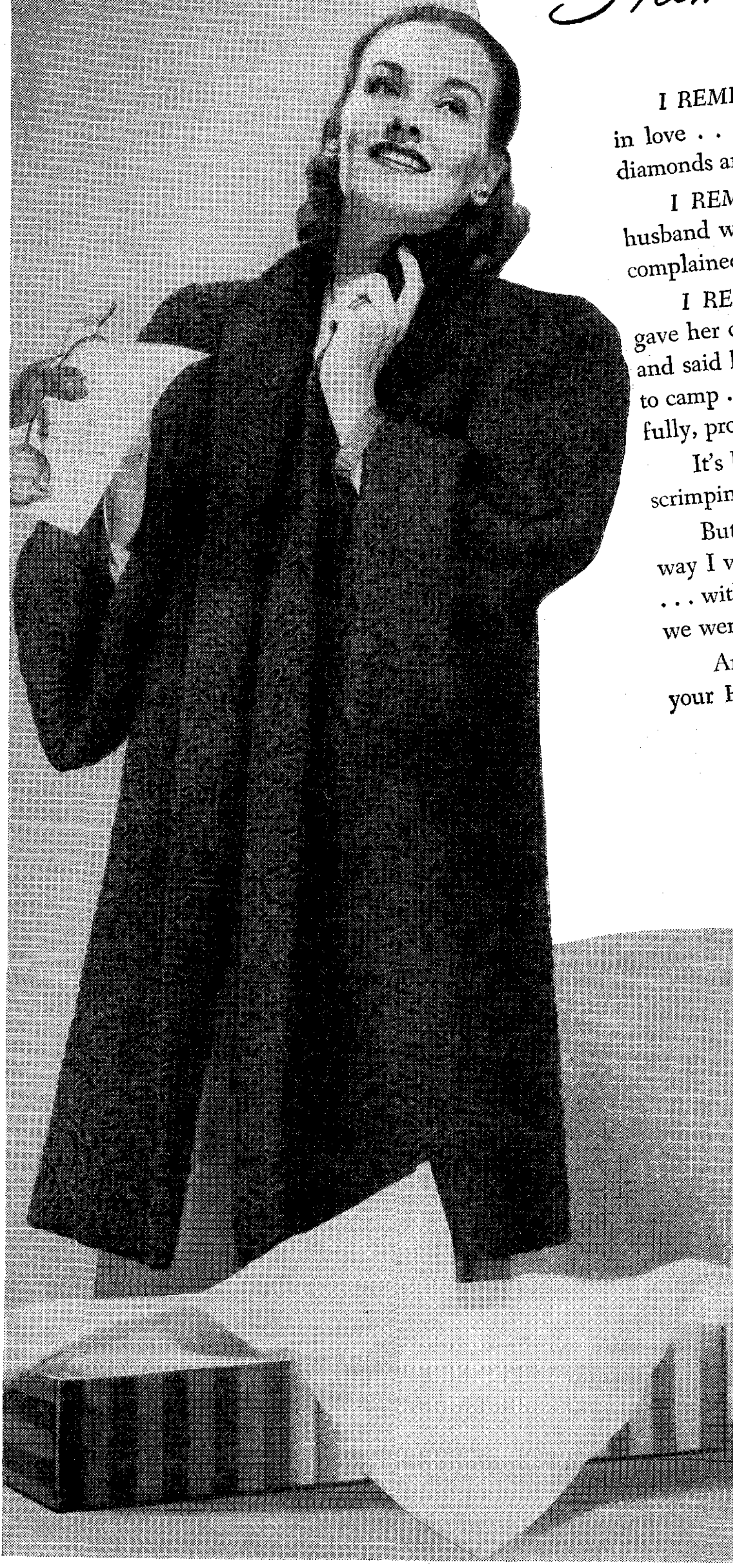
I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage . . . who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior's trip to camp . . . who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It's been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I *can* celebrate the way I want to . . . one dream I *can* make come true . . . with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went "window shopping."

And so, my dear . . . with all my love . . . here's your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!

John



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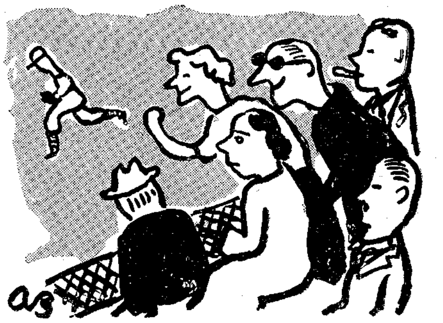
Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander-dyed Featherlite Persian Lamb

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are involved in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing, but certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Fri. Eve., Aug. 4, at 9; other Eves., except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Catherine Was Great—A play written by and starring Mae West. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Michael Todd. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

School for Brides—A farce by Frank Gill, Jr., and George Carleton Brown, with Roscoe Karns. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Aug. 3, and Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Good Morning, Corporal—A comedy by Milton Herbert Gropper and Joseph Shalleck, with Russell Hardie and Charita Bauer. Produced by William B. Friedlander. Opens Tues., Aug. 8. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. Many of them are closed or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show headed by Bert Wheeler; Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band. On Fri., Aug. 11, Frank Fay will replace Mr. W. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis and Michael Lo Scalzo.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, is enlivened by Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's band plays its lavish tremolos for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats (don't look at *us*) as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553)—A quiet show dominated by Luba Malina, big, brunette, and beautiful, and her night-club songs. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ditties about the horrors of life in the big city.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of tasty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Through Sat., Aug. 5, Tommy Tucker's orchestra will play for dinner, alternating with Louis Prima's band at the supper hour. On Tues., Aug. 8, Sammy Kaye's orchestra will replace both bands. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT,** Montague and Hicks Sts., (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air decks, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Eddie Condon, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's hot band, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Oscar Pettiford's band and Hot Lips Page's new quintet, which includes Cozy Cole and Don Byas. On Mon., Aug. 7, Stuff Smith's orchestra will replace the Pettiford group. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band and Red Norvo's sextet, which is all you need to know. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): very special piano playing by Art Tatum, and there's also Tatum's trio and another small band. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp are back home again. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes this one of the town's best cellars; dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of one of

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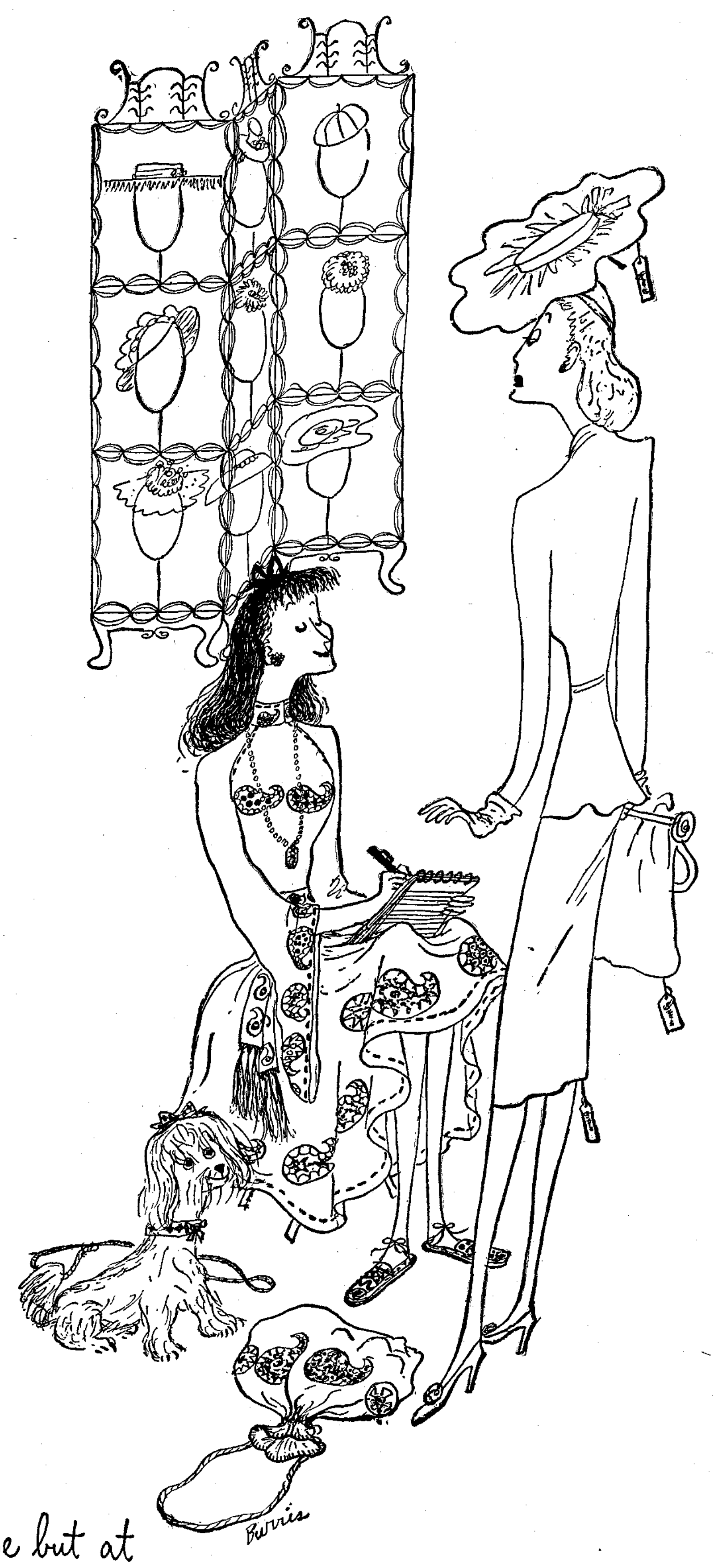
This is our Miss Lappy…

Miss Lappy is an ex-blonde who's just a weensy bit knock-kneed. Frankly, that's not the 'arf of it. She's been writing these ads for Saks Fifth Avenue, and now she refuses to write even one more. Whenever our advertising director says, "Now see here, Miss Lappy," Miss L. just gets sullen and goes home to spray her radishes with arsenate of lead.

It's no use offering her more dough, because she doesn't care about money. She keeps a cow down in Greenwich Village and even weaves her own cloth. This makes her self-sufficient and also explains why her clothes look the way they look. When Miss Lappy gallops through Saks in one of her batik numbers, the customers never know what gives. It's been quite a problem to keep her out of sight.

Anyway, this is her swan song, and she won't even return to sing Carmen. That's a promise, but don't rely on it. (Miss Lappy, being of the sex known as weaker, is subject to change without notice.) If any of you want to come around and drag her carriage through the streets of New York, come ahead. But we're warning you — she's the type to throw kisses and then spray you with arsenate of lead. It's not that she's really mean — just absentminded. She gave us some bad moments, but we'll sort of miss her.



Oh Miss Lappy – where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

the artist's nephews (through Sept. 24); also, paintings and drawings done in New Guinea by American and Australian service men (through Mon., Aug. 7). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

CHINESE—Contemporary woodcuts recently brought here from China; sponsored by the China Aid Council and the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 11.

EUROPEAN—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

FRENCH—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays *12 noon to 6* P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 4. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: oils and water *colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century* Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . . **PUMA**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. *31*. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, *730* 5 Ave., at *57*: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 18.

IRANIAN INSTITUTE, 9 E. 89—A collection of Persian, Indian, and Chinese art. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

ELIZABETH P. KORN—Water colors: Kohn, 608 5 Ave., at 49. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 17.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at *82*—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in *painting*, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Conductors: Alexander Smallens, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 3-4, Sun., Aug. 6, and Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12; Lorin Maazel, Sat., Aug. 5; Franz Allers, Mon., Aug. 7. Highlights: Jascha Heifetz, violin, Aug. 3; Leonide Massine, Igor Youskevitch, and Mia Slavenska and her company, ballet, Aug. 7; Grace Moore, soprano, Aug. 10. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square nightly, beginning at 6:44 P.M., at twelve-minute intervals.)

JUILLIARD CONCERT—Alton Jones, piano, Thurs., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Juilliard Orchestra, Peter Wilhousky conducting, in a program of contemporary American music, Tues., Aug. 8, at 9 P.M.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5, at 8:45 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 6 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St Louis, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Aug. 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri., Aug. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Aug. 5-6, at 2:30 P.M.

Boys' Baseball—Teams coached by Connie Mack and Mel Ott in an exhibition game for the benefit of the Living War Memorials Commission, Mon., Aug. 7, at 3 P.M. (preceded by a variety show starting at 1 P.M.), at the Polo Grounds. For tickets, call CO 5-8045.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 4. Admission by purchase of War Bonds only. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—Metropolitan G. A. Senior Championship, Winged Foot G. C., Mamaroneck, N. Y., Tues., Aug. 8. . . . New Jersey State G. A. Amateur Championship, match play rounds, Essex County C. C., West Orange, N. J., starting Sat., Aug. 12.

RACING—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M. (United States Hotel Stakes and Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Aug. 5; Alabama Stakes, Aug. 8; Sanford Stakes, Aug. 10; Travers Stakes and the Saratoga Special, Aug. 12.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C. C., Rye, N. Y., starting Wed., Aug. 9.

TROTTING—At Goshen, N. Y., Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 8-10, at 1:30 P.M. (The Hambletonian, Aug. 9.) For information about trains, call the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, Journal Square 2-6400.

YACHTING—Bay Shore Y. C. Race Week, Great South Bay, through Sat., Aug. 5; Marblehead Race Week, Sat., Aug. 5, through Sat., Aug 12. . . . Championship Regatta on the Sound: Riverside Y. C., Sun., Aug. 6, at 2 P.M.

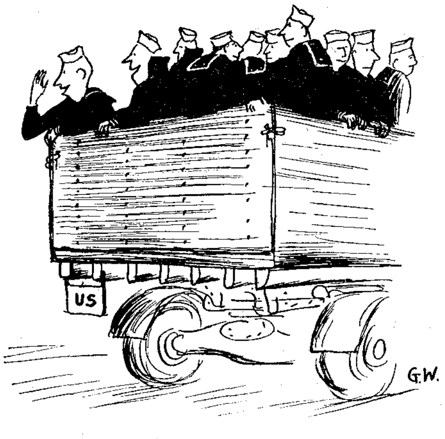
OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.**, 5 Ave. *at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an* exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the *present, shown by four hundred miniature* models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equip*ment captured from the enemy*; also, daily *from* 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**, 457 Madison, at 51: photographs showing Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

GARDEN SHOW—Midsummer exhibition of flowers and vegetables, Wed., Aug. 9, 2:30 to 10 P.M., and Thurs., Aug. 10, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor).

AMERICANA—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

CHESSMEN—The Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17.



ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Isaac Stern, violin; Sun., Aug. 6, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., Aug. 4 and 11, and Wed., Aug. 9, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Aug. 5 and 12, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat., Aug. 5; Travers Stakes, Sat., Aug. 12; at 4:30 P.M., WEAF, WOR. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, Fri., Aug. 4, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Leon Henderson, Sat., Aug. 5, at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

DRAGON SEED—Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, Aline MacMahon, and others, lightly disguised, in a warm, handsome arrangement of the Pearl Buck novel of China's early war years. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

48 HOURS—One of those fine, underplayed British hair-raisers. This one's about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Elizabeth Allan, and Frank Lawton. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Aug. 4.)

GASLIGHT—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten in the screen version of the thriller known on the stage as "Angel Street." (Normandie, Park at 53; through Sun., Aug. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Aug. 7.)

GOING MY WAY—Light, agreeable tribute to the Catholic clergy, with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Aug. 9.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Lively developments arising from a man's getting the morning paper twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 5-8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 6-9.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON—Once more, Bette Davis puts some punch in a long and often foolish picture. Claude Rains plays the title rôle, and she plays his giddy wife. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—Not altogether like the book, the changes being mainly for the better. Robert Walker, Donna Reed, and Keenan Wynn. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Aug. 5. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Aug. 7. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentative, starting Tues., Aug. 8.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Selznick epic of a wartime home, with many sobs and no surprises and a good, game cast that includes Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, and Joseph Cotten. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A tasteful and well-acted, if somewhat dreamy, film about a young girl's miraculous experiences at Lourdes. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 3. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 8-10.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—About the Navy doctor who evacuated some wounded men from Java in spite of Japs and high water. Fine when it sticks to facts. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

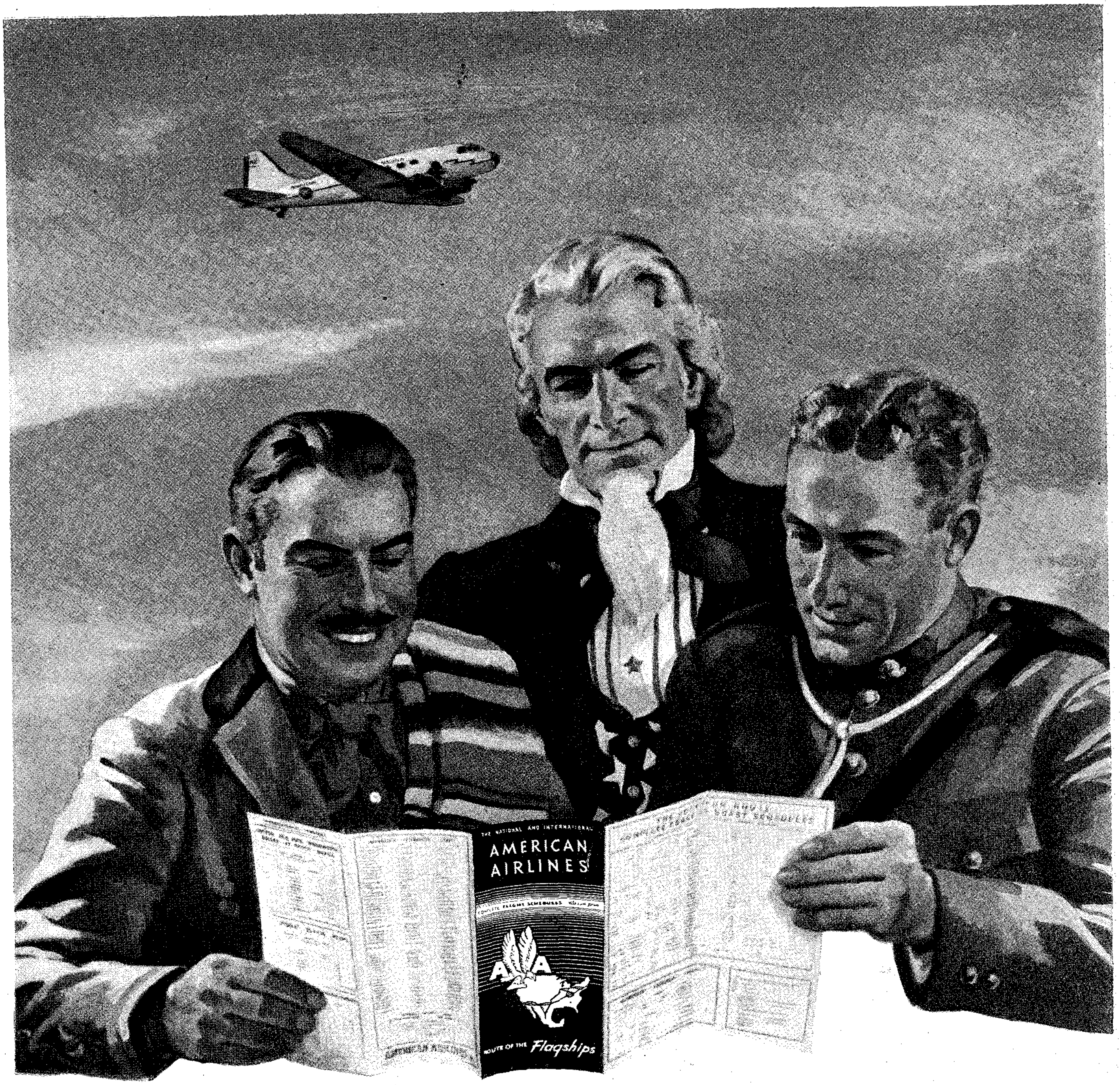
TWO SOLDIERS—The Russians treat a reliable Hollywood plot well and simply. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

REVIVALS

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (1942)—Spies and counter-spies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 6-7.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 3.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a



These Three International Commuters Use One Timetable

● For centuries the vast North American continent has been a single *geographic unit.* Now it is a single, effective *trading area.* Air transportation makes this possible by converting the many separating miles into a few hours that unite the peoples of our three largest countries. American Airlines is the only transportation system that directly serves important cities within Canada, the U. S. and Mexico. From Toronto to Mexico City and from Boston to Los Angeles, industrial, military, professional and scientific persons who are saving priceless time in their war work by air travel also are contributing to a new hemispherical solidarity. As they use air transportation to quickly overcome the barriers of distance, they create a new neighborhood of friendly relationships—and gain a new conception of our continent.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

CRESTA BLANCA
The Crest of Quality Wine since 1889
BOTTLED AT THE CRESTA BLANCA WINERY
THE CREST OF QUALITY SINCE 1889
CALIFORNIA SAUTERNE
Livermore California
CRESTA BLANCA

TO FIZZ OR NOT TO FIZZ. There are two schools of thought about sauterne in summer. One holds that the best cooler on sweltering days is sauterne-and-soda. The other protests against dilution, preferring just chilled sauterne — especially at mealtime. But both agree that the finest sauterne for either enjoyment is Cresta Blanca, the California wine you'll be proud to serve.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 5-8.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Aug. 11.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 3.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri., Aug. 4.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. With Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 3.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Aug. 4.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 4-7. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 8-10.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Aug. 9.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 4-7.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Aug. 3. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 4-7. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 8-9.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 3.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—John Garfield as a fighter with underworld troubles. With the Dead End Kids. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 8-9.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 8.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., AUG. 6: "December 7th," "The Life and Death of U.S.S. Hornet," and "The Battle for the Beaches," all produced by the Navy Department. . . . FROM MON., AUG. 7: four short films about Latin America, produced by the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave. at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day or evening, as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers, especially women, for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries now and early in the fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing and blankets, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Association's warehouse, at 420 E. 54. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps, and at the moment there is a particular demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. Three organizations which will distribute contributions are the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 42 E. 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. If you have any you wish to give, mail or take them to the Council's offices.

Some ABC stuff about E

E is a very important letter in this war.

It's the name of the War Bonds you buy—"War Savings Bond Series E."

As you know, a Series E Bond will work for you for ten full years, piling up interest, till finally you get $4 for every $3. Pretty nice.

The first job of the money you put into "E" is to help finance the war. But it also gives you a wonderful way to save money. *And when the war is over, that money you now put away can do another job, can help America swing over from war to peace.*

There'll come a day when you'll bless these Bonds—when they may help you over a tough spot.

That's why you should make up your mind to hang on to every Bond you buy. You can, of course, cash in your Bonds any time after you've held them for 60 days. You get all your money back, and, after one year, all your money plus interest.

But when you cash in a Bond, you end its life before its full job is done. You don't give it its chance to help you and the country in the years ahead. You kill off its $4-for-every-$3 earning power.

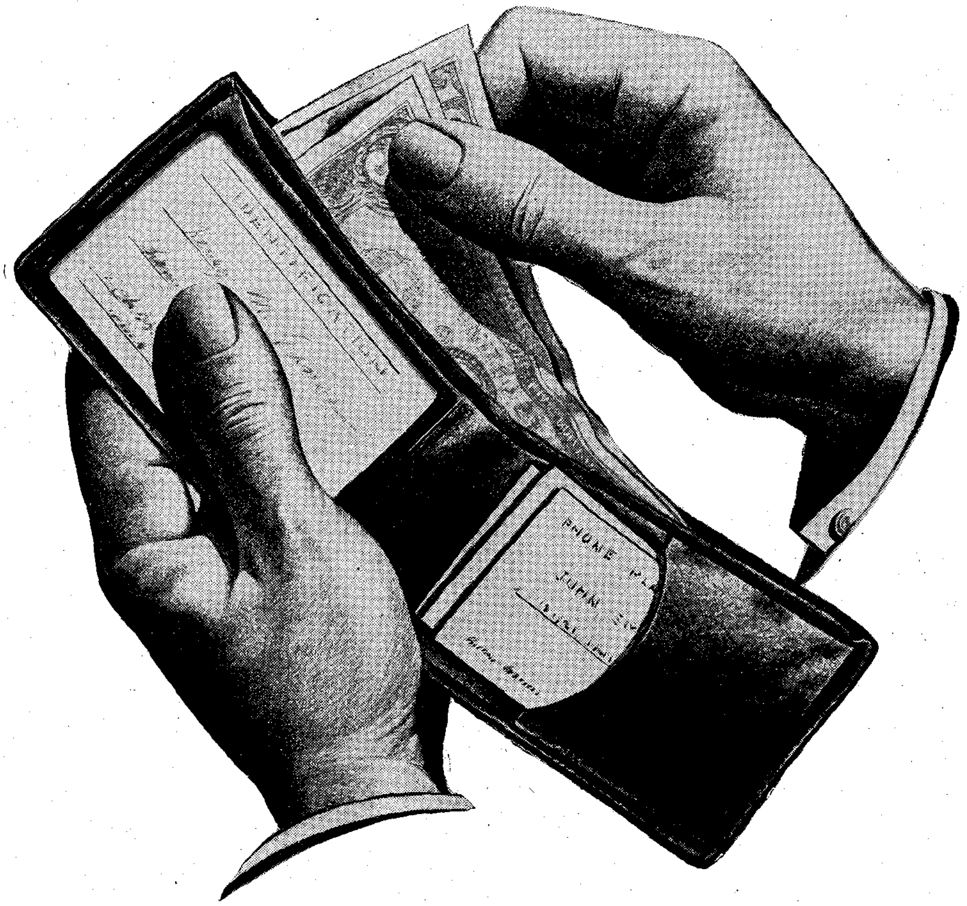
This is good to remember when you might be tempted to cash in War Bonds. They are yours, to do what you want with.

But . . . it's ABC sense that . . .

They'll do the best job for you and for America if you let them reach the full flower of maturity!

WAR BONDS
to Have and to Hold

How to prevent inflation in one easy lesson



Put that money back in your pocket!

When a lot of people want the same thing, its price goes up.

Americans have more money today—much more—than there are things to buy with it.

So every big or little thing you buy—that you can possibly do without—cuts supplies and bids prices up on what is left.

Rising prices spell inflation. And every inflation has been followed by a cruel and bitter depression . . . men out of work, homes lost, families suffering.

We don't want inflation: we don't want another depression.

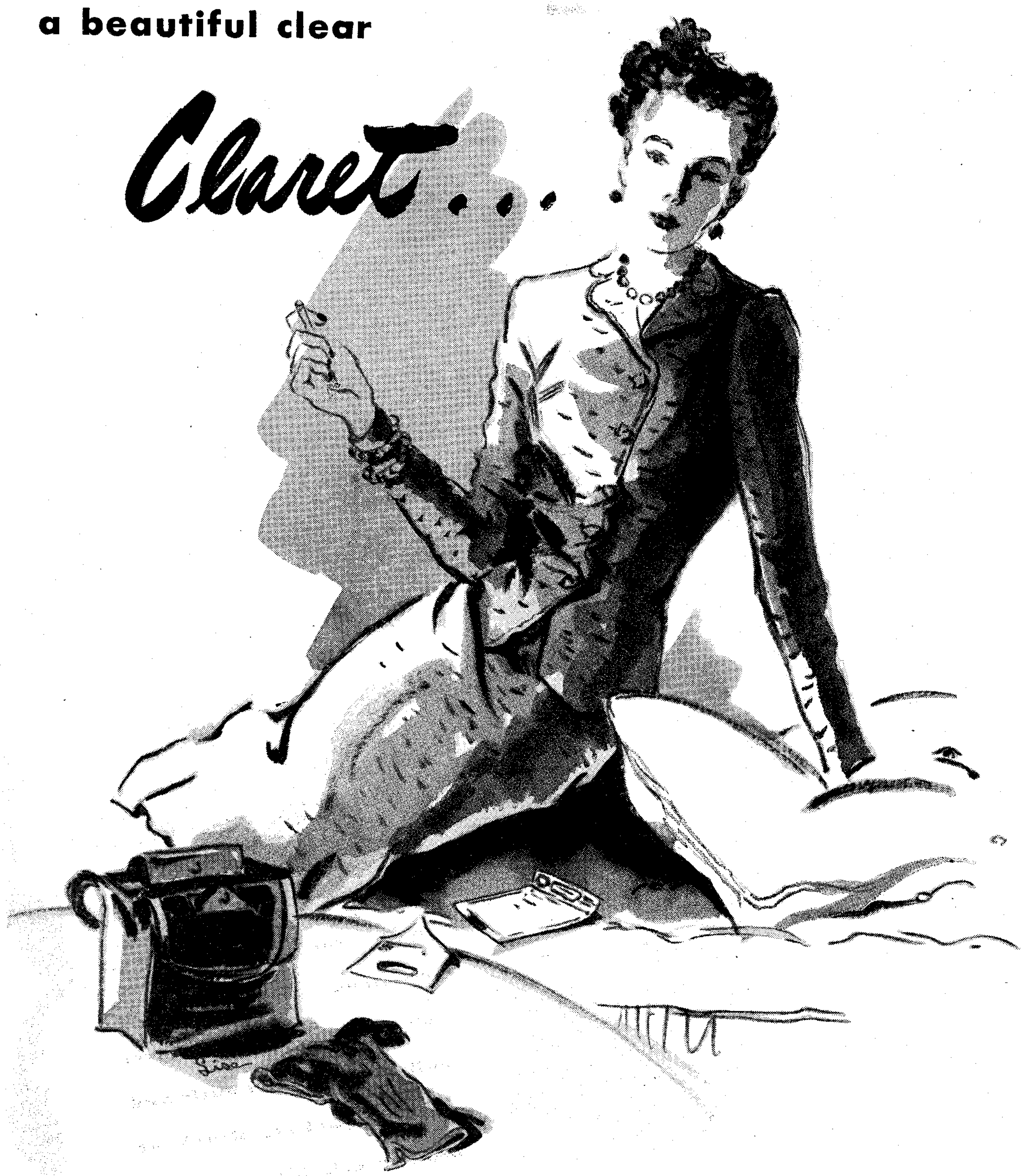
4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. *Don't* buy a thing you can do without.
2. *Never* pay more than the ceiling price. Always give stamps for rationed goods.
3. *Don't* take advantage of war conditions to fight for more money for yourself or goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

a beautiful clear Claret . . .



Color as rich, as wine-y as first pressing of the grape, this claret that deeply dyes our nub knit suit for fall. Great specialty of the house, the nub knit . . . endlessly wearable, packable, cleanable. A timeless fashion . . . here also in black, plum and the season's new shades. Sizes 12 to 42, 35.00.

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Your Suit

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and it can go anywhere at any time. Neat as a dress, softly fitted with rayon velvet collar, shirtwaist cuffs and peplum jacket. Black or brown wool. Sizes 10 to 16, 49.95. Altman suit fashions, third floor

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE finished Sumner Welles's moderately hopeful "The Time for Decision" on a bad day—Shaw's birthday. We put down the book, which at least admits the possibility of a peaceful world, only to pick up a newspaper containing the inevitable Shaw interview, and the two things, taken in such rapid succession, left us momentarily confused. The playwright flatly assumes that peace is impossible and charges all those who "clamor for assurances and security" with being public nuisances. "Whatever arrangements follow the war," he says, "we must still live dangerously, whether we like it or not." Numbed by this cold Shavian douche to our hopes, and thinking we were perhaps wishfully deluding ourselves at that, we went on to read what he had to say about the German problem, and this made us smartly reverse our opinion and suspect that it was he who was soft and unrealistic. Germany, he says, must be dealt with decently and patiently, not as after the last war, when we gave her cause for violence. All this did not seem quite as convincing as the observations of Mr. Welles, who points out that the Germanic peoples have been a destructive force in the family of nations for two hundred years and will continue to be that unless precautions are taken. There are of course two sides to all these important questions, but at this point we feel it wiser to be hopeful and stern with Welles than realistic and lenient with Shaw. Human affairs are again whirling toward that point at which the crisis and the opportunity are one, bearing all of us with them. The world is a terrifying place where if we want peace, by God, we shall practically have to wage it, a place in which our ideal citizen will be a hardboiled romantic.

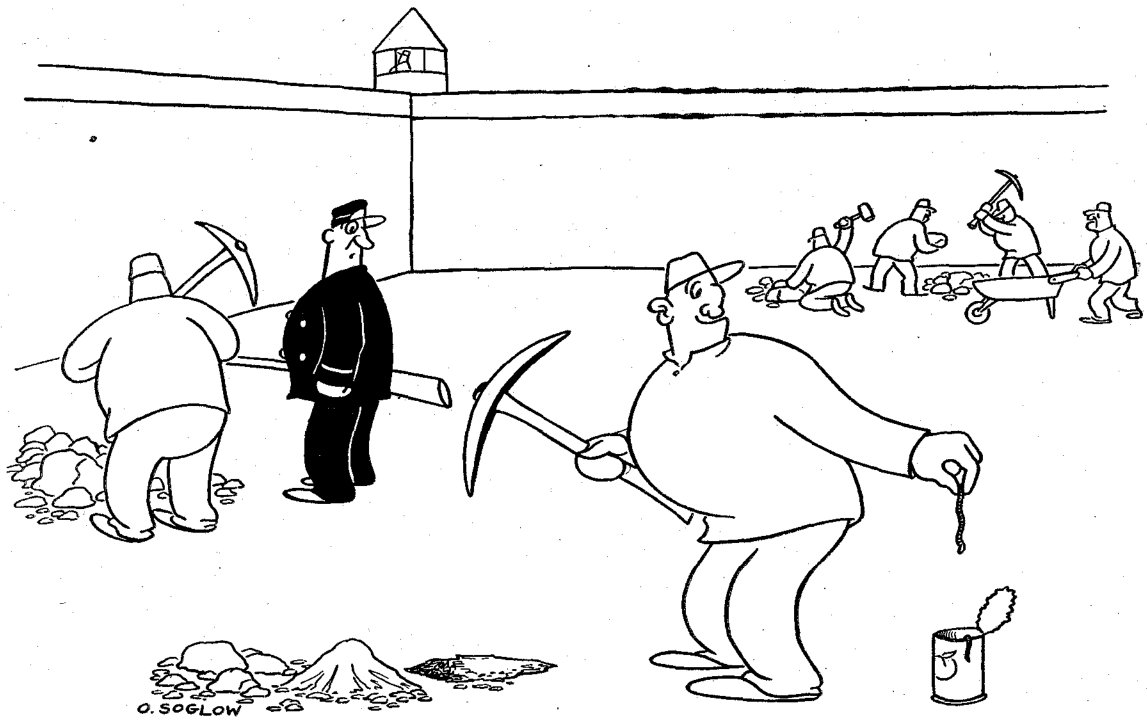
NOTE FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF EVERYBODY: All our life, more or less, we have wondered what street hucksters are actually shouting, since it never seems to bear any relation to the wares in their wagons, or to English or any other language we are conversant with. Last Tuesday we happened to walk along a street beside an old man with a horse-drawn wagon full of potatoes. We listened to him carefully for more than a block, and we are ready to take our oath on a stack of campaign platforms four feet high that he was shouting the names of Russian towns: "Pskov, Borodino, Velikiye Luki, Polotsk."

A RETIRED G-man who still keeps an uneasy eye on the literary left has sent us a copy of a magazine called *Partisan Review*, directing our attention to an article by James Agee on "pseudo-folk art." After heartily walloping "Carmen Jones," "Oklahoma!," and the Robeson "Othello," Mr. Agee adds:

> I should explain that I have not seen "Othello," "Carmen Jones," or "Oklahoma!," because I felt sure they would be bad. People who spoke well of the shows have reinforced me in this feeling and have helped give it detail. People who spoke ill of them, I regarded as even more trustworthy.

With that statement, as far as we are concerned, Mr. Agee has added a new dimension to criticism—the dimension of non-acquaintance with the subject criticized. The man who has not read the book or seen the play he is talking about is obviously better equipped to criticize it than the man who has, since he is less warped by prejudice, his mind is uncluttered with detail, he can poll his friends on their opinions with an open mind and without the chance of getting into nasty arguments with them, and he subjects himself to neither foot ache nor eye ache. And the thing that makes the Agee method a real honey is that the reviewer has all his evenings free for writing criticism and none of the old-line, three-dimensional critics can hope to keep up with him.

HOMEMAKING reared its chintzy little head the other day when the ladies of the American Home Economics Association decided that maybe the Home should rate a Cabinet position, to be called the Department of the American Home. It is a noble idea and would unquestionably attract the wrong people. If we had a Secretary of the Home, like a Secretary of State or a Secretary of the Navy, she would probably be a lady whose emphasis would be upon vitamins and lampshades. She would be against mice. The American Home, given Cabinet status, would continue to move (as it has moved in the last few years) in the wrong direction. The American Kitchen would become more and more stagy and unlivable; the American Cellar would finally and forever emerge as a rumpus room, above ground;



the Home as a whole would tend to become collapsible, transparent, mobile, washable, sterile, and devoid of human life.

Home is too delicate an organism to be federalized. The eviction of even so small a thing as a mouse threatens its balance; the absence of a hummingbird from the delphiniums can destroy its tone. Some of the most vital and dependable homes we have ever been in were ones in which the economics were deplorable; some of the barest of homes were ones which, physically, were the answer to an economist's dream. Home was quite a place when people stayed there, but Home Economics is just another in the long line of activities which take ladies away. Of the home economists we have met in our lifetime, all had one trait in common: not one of them was home.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Commodore Hotel offers, for eighty cents, a luncheon consisting of soup, fruit compote, cottage-cheese sandwich on whole wheat, and chiffonade salad. It's listed on the menu as the War and Health Combination.

Philadelphians may buy at Strawbridge & Clothier's a set of "United Nations Highball Glasses," @ $1.85—easily worth it, too, since the set includes Switzerland.

Page 403 of the current Classified Telephone Directory is headed, unmistakably, "Fireproof—Fish."

At the corner of Mosholu Parkway and Bainbridge Avenue, in the Bronx, is an apartment house named Palais de Mosholu.

Nuance

AN Army censor has reported to us an insignificant but nevertheless interesting variation in the literary styles of the white and colored troops. The white soldier will make a wisecrack, then write "(ha ha)" after it. The colored soldier has a gentler touch. He makes his little quip, and after it he puts "(smile)."

Host

PROBABLY everybody believes that the recent United Nations Monetary and Financial Conference at Bretton Woods was dominated by big-calibre diplomats and financiers, each able to juggle three or four billion dollars with one hand, and perhaps it was, but there is one notable character who was present and had a certain influence on the gathering who doesn't seem to have been given due credit in the daily press. He is Mr. David Stoneman, president of the company that owns the Mount Washington Hotel, the vast hostelry in which the conference was held. It is reasonably certain, from all accounts, that Mr. Stoneman didn't think much of the conference being held at his hotel in the first place, perhaps because of normal New Hampshire misgivings about strangers; here were several *hundred* strangers. However, the United States Government won him over, though only temporarily, with an argument about the importance of the meeting to the human race, the offer of a sum no hotel man in his right mind could brush aside, and some tempting telephone and plumbing priorities. He signed a contract to put the delegates up for three weeks, but he had to steel himself to do it.

Mr. Stoneman unquestionably had no real idea of how international an international monetary conference can be, though, until he edged into the barroom on the evening of the opening day and found himself in the midst of a gathering of Colombians, Poles, Liberians, Chinese, Ethiopians, Russians, Filipinos, Icelanders, and other spectacular people, the like of which had never been seen in any part of New England since the Boston Tea Party, or before it, either. It was only then that he realized what he was in for. A gentleman who was watching Mr. Stoneman at the moment has told us that his normally pink face went bright and alarmingly red and that not only did he seem to crumple suddenly but that his immaculate white linen suit did, too. From that day on, he wandered about the hotel a shaken man, possibly praying that his select family trade would hear as little as possible about the strange goings on in Bretton Woods. Many of the delegates noted the poignancy of his expression as he appeared at the entrance to the hotel's large dining room, where there was supper dancing and a floor show every night, and on one such occasion an Arthur Murray blonde, dedicated to giving dance instructions to a Belgian delegate, was seriously rattled by the way Mr. Stoneman looked.

A few days before the date scheduled for the close of the conference, Mr. Stoneman received the upsetting news that it wasn't going to finish on time. When he was able to get a grip on himself, he went up to Secretary Morgenthau's room, where he found the Secretary and several other members of the American delegation busy adding up a column of figures, all of which ran to eight or nine ciphers. Mr. Stoneman faced them inflexibly and said that he expected the premises to be vacated on the specified date. Mr. Morgenthau dropped his addition and more or less patiently explained that it would take three days more than he had figured on to get the finances of the world straightened out. Mr. Stoneman said that he had guests coming, year-after-year guests who had made reservations long in advance, some of them from Boston. In the argument that ensued, Mr. Morgenthau is said to have intimated that the government might seize the hotel, and Mr. Stoneman is said to have asked if that was a threat. In the end, the government prevailed. It agreed to take care of things for Mr. Stoneman as far as possible—to pay for telegrams to his guests who had expected to move in and for newspaper advertisements explaining the delay in receiving them, and to look after changes in railroad reservations for the disappointed vacationers, as far as possible. Mr. Morgenthau and his associates went back to their plans for a ten-billion-dollar bank and Mr. Stoneman sent off a big sheaf of telegrams.

Tempo

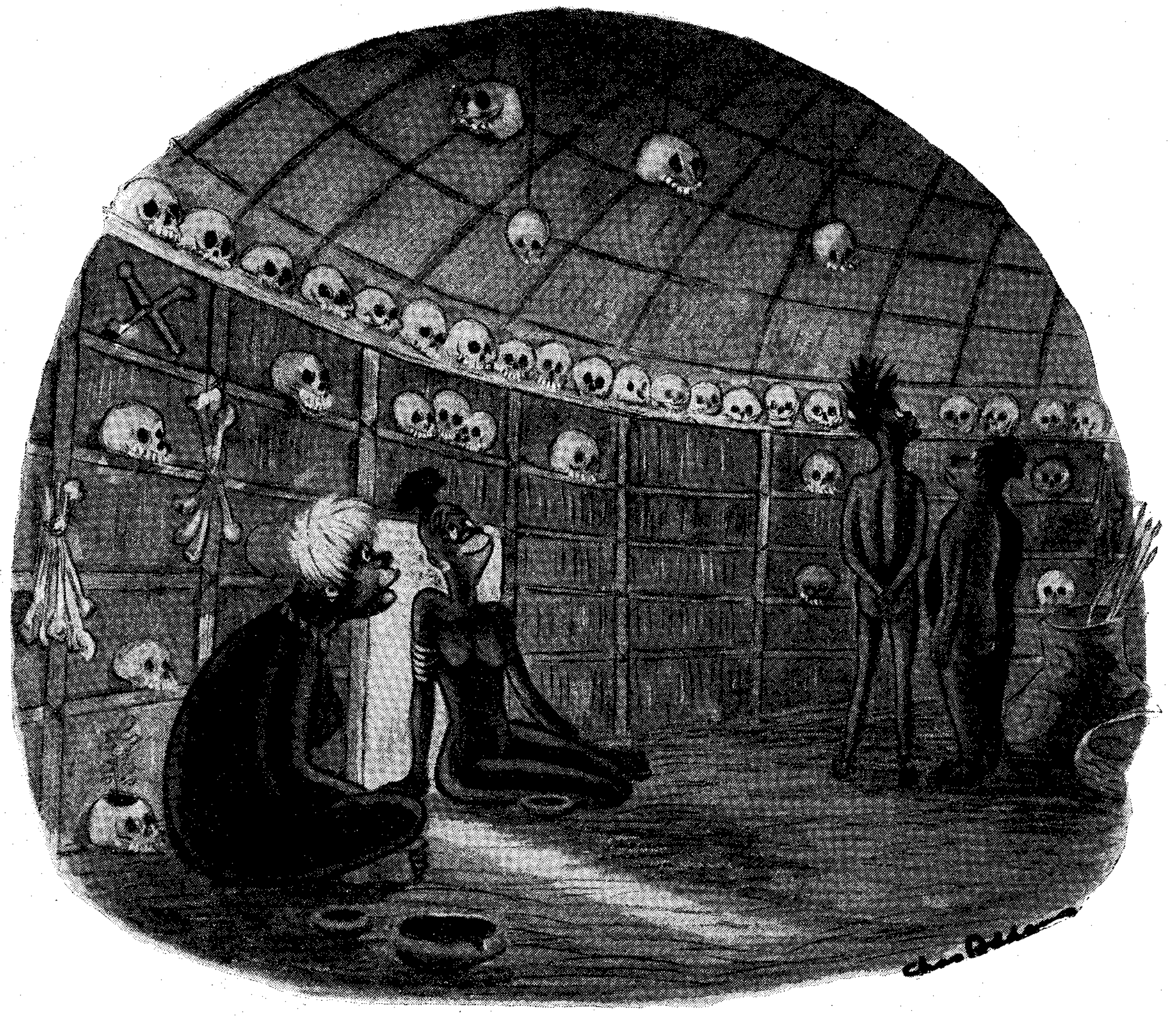
TWO young ladies shopping in the music department of one of the big stores persuaded a clerk to play them the latest Frank Sinatra record. When it was finished, one of them remarked dreamily, "Gosh, that's *just* the kind of a song I like to hear him sing. Not too fast, not too slow—just mediocre."

Obedience

ALONG with sixty-two dogs and a number of people, we attended the first obedience-training class for dogs ever held publicly in the city. This was part of a course of ten lessons arranged for by the local office of the A.S.P.C.A. The Seventh Regiment contributes the Armory gymnasium, and a firm lady named Blanche Saunders, who knows how to make dogs mind, contributes her time as instructress. The owners who had enrolled for the course (four dollars for the ten lessons) were mainly doting ladies, young to middling young; among the dogs, terriers, cocker spaniels, and dachshunds were in the majority, and there was a sprinkling of Great Danes, Alsatians, and Pomeranians. The dogs did a good deal of barking, of course. In fact, the A.S.P.C.A. man who introduced Miss Saunders to the class was practically inaudible. Miss Saunders, however, took her introduction for granted and proceeded to show the owners of the noisy dogs that it was possible to keep them from barking by holding their mouths shut. The owners looked at one another in surprise.

In her first lesson, Miss Saunders took up such relatively simple matters as walking on leash and sitting down on command. All the dogs wore training collars, which their owners had been advised to bring when they signed up for the course. A training collar is a running noose of chain, which gives the dog something to think about when jerked sharply; however, it has the full approval of the A.S.P.C.A., if not of the dogs. The first efforts by the owners to make their dog "heel"—that is, walk at their left sides and turn corners without being told to—were not too discouraging; some of the dogs just sat on the floor and allowed themselves to be dragged along, but most of them were willing to play ball to a certain extent. It turned out that the trick of handling a dog that likes to strain ahead or hang back is not to respond with a steady pull but to jerk the leash, meanwhile saying "Heel!" in a commanding tone of voice. When it came to giving commands, most of the owners had a seizure of stage fright and muttered "Heel" in a way that made even the dogs laugh. Miss Saunders kept talking it up, and we judged that she would eventually be able to put a little starch in her human pupils. "Don't let your dog take *you* for a walk," she said at one point.

The dogs were put through their



"There were so many Japs in the neighborhood that it seemed a wonderful opportunity to redecorate."

paces, or what paces they allowed themselves to be put through, in groups of a dozen, while the other dogs and their owners looked on in smug amusement. It was rather touching when, for the first time, the dogs were asked to sit. "Push their rear ends down!" Miss Saunders shouted. This worked pretty well, except with a couple of dachshunds, whose sterns kept bobbing up like corks every time they were pushed down. There was also one small dog which was not only willing to sit down but insisted on holding its front paws up at the same time. "I'll bet she just brought him here to try to show up the rest of us," a lady near us said, indicating to a companion this dog's owner. Miss Saunders began expounding a new stunt, in which each dog sat down while its owner walked around it in a full circle. "Don't tiptoe!" screamed Miss Saunders. Right afterward, Fannie Hurst was introduced, with really sensational irrelevance, and, in turn, introduced Magistrate Anna Kross. Both of them said some nice things about dogs, while the dogs themselves said a few things that may or may not have been nice. Class was dismissed shortly after this, with the admonition that the instruction would be useless without a certain amount of homework every day. If you see a dog walking around with an owner shouting "Heel!," chances are it's a member of the class.

Lazy

THE other day we were in a taxicab that just missed a collision with a cab that cut in ahead of it. "Ya know," our driver said, "we used to have a way of teachin' them guys a lesson—we'd smash one of their fenders. It don't pay to do it now, though. Too many papers to fill out."

Graduate Station

AFTER standing empty for a matter of eleven years, the old Army and Navy Club building, at 30 West Forty-fourth Street, across from the Yacht Club, has been fixed up and reopened as the United States Maritime Service Center. This brings together under one roof a number of maritime activities that had been scattered all over town. The top three of the building's eleven floors, for instance, are occupied by the U.S.M.S. Institute, which sends out to merchant seamen correspondence-course instruction in such subjects as maritime law, gas welding, blueprint reading, history, navigation, marine steam engineering, cargo handling, mathematics, and practical English. Some of the commanding officers now have their offices there, too, including Rear Admiral Albert R. Randall, Commandant of the U.S.M.S. (The Commandant would be a good Information Please topic, being the only admiral in the Naval Reserve.) The principal reason for the building's being taken over, however, is that the Service needed a bigger graduate station in which to keep the graduates of the training base at Sheepshead Bay until they can be assigned to ships. The old graduate station was crowded into three floors of Thomas Wolfe's old haunt, the Chelsea Hotel.

The new station can sleep two hundred and forty seamen aboard. Sometimes the men don't stay overnight but are shipped out after a couple of hours. They are under discipline and may not leave the building except on liberty, which, unless alerted, they can expect to have every other day from 6 P.M. to midnight. Part of their day is spent making beds and swabbing floors, but otherwise they're allowed a good bit of leisure for games, exercise, and the like. There are cigarette, candy, and Coca-Cola machines, but no canteen or ship's service store, out of deference to the merchants of Forty-fourth Street. Liquor is contraband aboard the station and it is of course forbidden, except for men on liberty, to nip across the street to the Wigwam Bar or elsewhere for even a quick beer. There are dances twice a week, with girls provided by the club's hostess, and every other night of the week a movie is shown. The hostess is aboard permanently. She is Mrs. Mildred Windhorst, an attractive lady who takes care of visitors, helps the lads arrange sightseeing trips, and occasionally mothers one of them. Some of them are only sixteen. While at the station, the seamen draw "standby pay," at the rate of fifty dollars a month, which is regarded as enough for bus fares and the like.

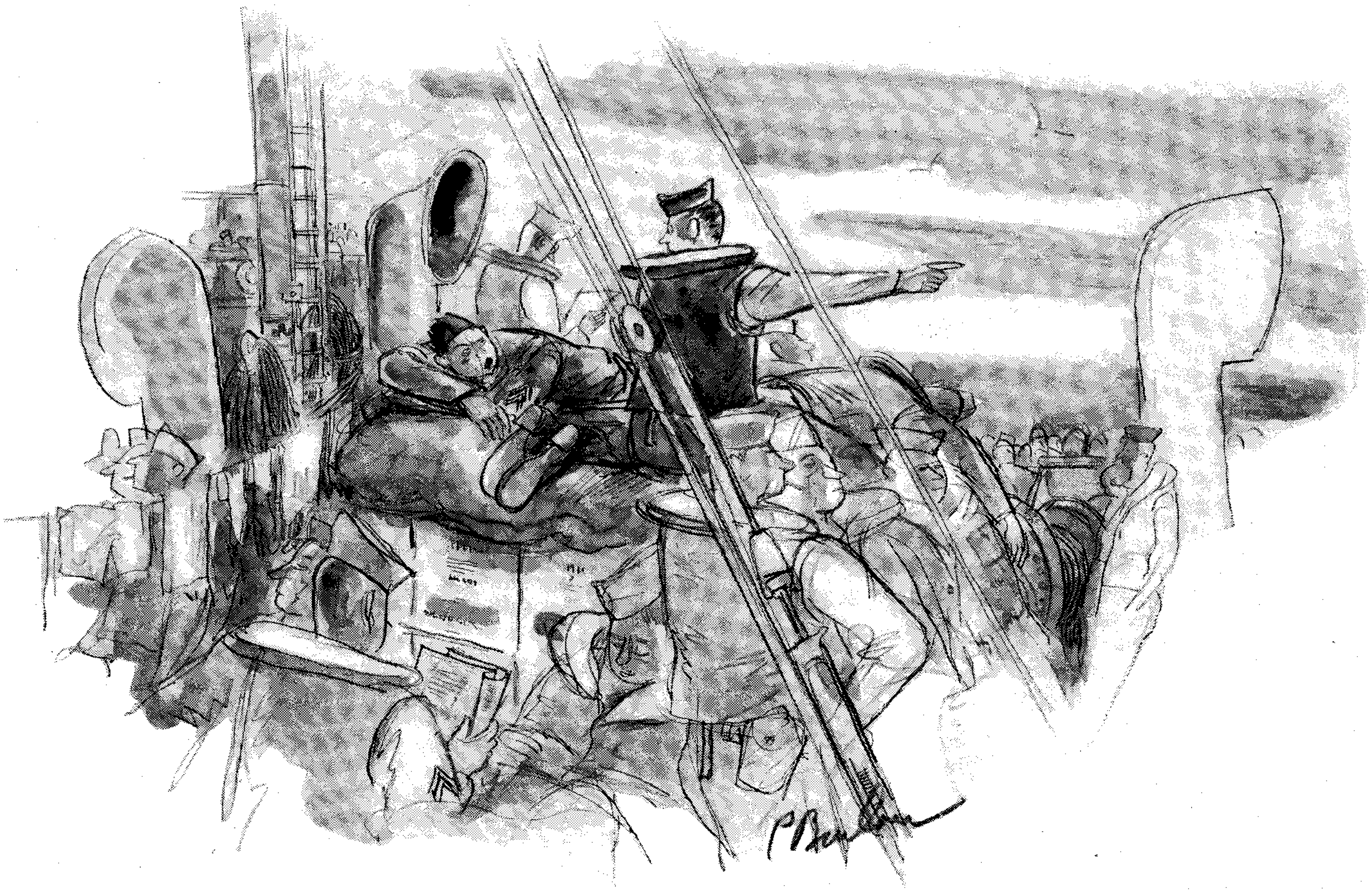
The building is an interesting edifice in the prime of life. It was built in 1901 by the Yale Club, and served as the clubhouse until 1915, when the present Yale Club was built. After a year or so it was occupied by the DKE Club, which soon found it too large, and then by the Army and Navy Club, which went into bankruptcy and dissolved itself in 1933, because of dwindling membership. The United States Trust Company held it in some kind of legal deadlock until 1942, when it was sold to a real-estate firm for a nominal sum plus payment of back taxes. The Maritime Commission bought it last year for sixty-five thousand dollars. Renovation was mostly a matter of knocking small rooms into big ones, modernizing the plumbing and lighting, and steam-cleaning the front. The public rooms are furnished with pieces taken from liners which have been turned into troop transports. The pride of the Army and Navy Club, and before it the Yale Club and the DKEs—a marble staircase which goes all the way up to the top floor—has been preserved. There's a formal order that the seamen are not allowed to slide down the banister.

Unlit Lantern

A LITTLE girl in Manhasset lost some War Stamps on her way home from school and her mother hopefully telephoned the local police station, on the chance that they might have been found and turned in. The cop who answered the phone laughed cynically when he heard her query. "There aren't any honest men around these days," he said. "Aladdin gave up lookin' for one long ago."

With the Brickers

YOU can be sure that Governor Bricker and his wife didn't pass through town last week without our having a political expert on hand to check up on their doings. He reports that the Brickers arrived at Grand Central on the Lake Shore Limited at 2:40 P.M. (on time), and were met by quite a number of plainclothes men, two uniformed cops, four newspaper photographers, and a male and female representative from local Republican headquarters. Mr. Bricker tipped the Pullman porter a dollar. On the way up the ramp, conversation turned to the weather. "Sure is hot," Mr. Brick-



"Will you kindly stop waking me up for porpoises?"

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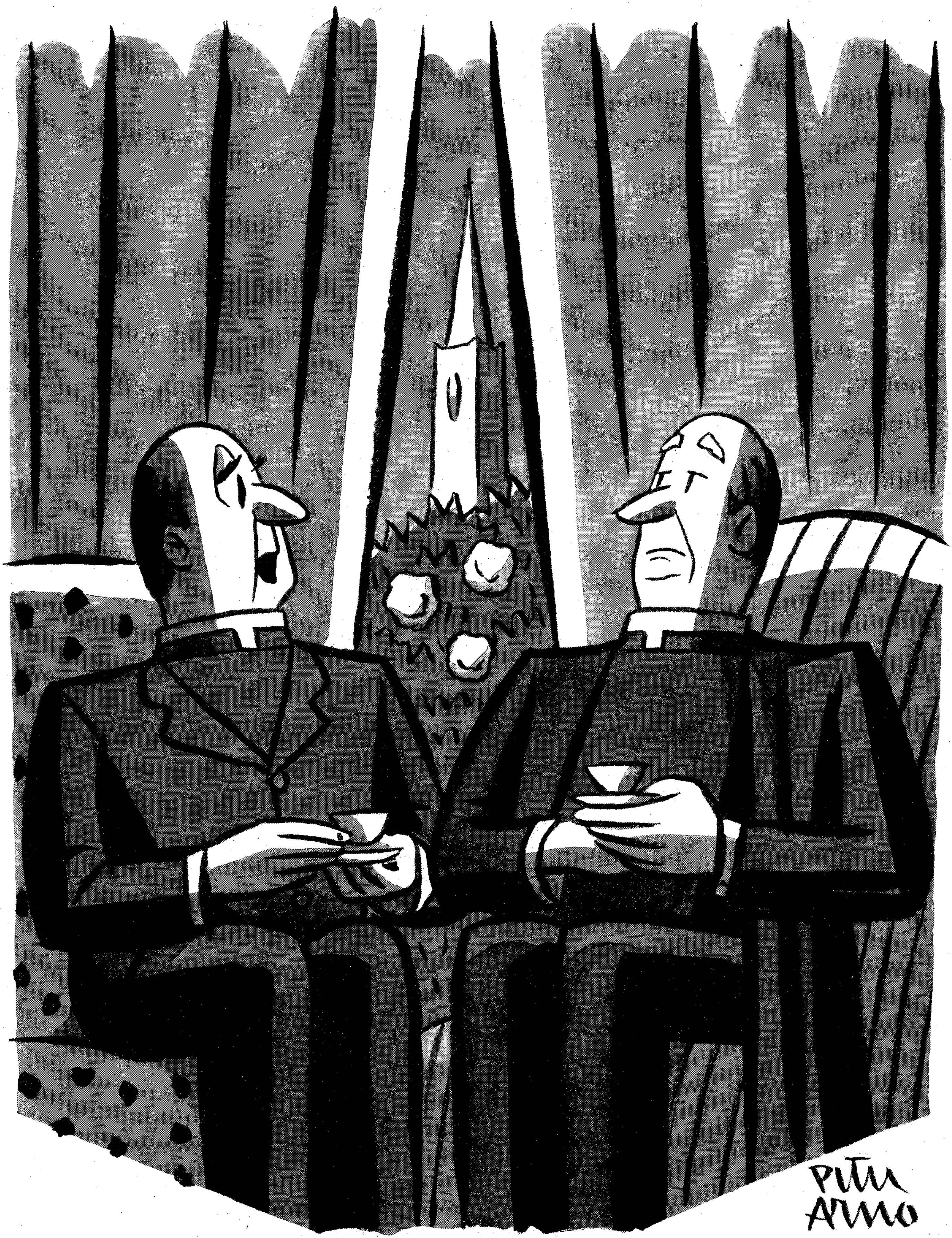
er said to the male Republican. "Hot in Ohio, too," he added. "Bad for the corn." Mrs. Bricker was in a black-and-white print with touches of green; the Governor wore a gray Palm Beach suit, striped socks, and a red-white-and-blue necktie, and carried a Panama hat. As the party headed through the passageway to the Roosevelt, where the Republicans have their national headquarters, the Governor remarked that he had once shaken the hand of the man who had put "the great Theodore Roosevelt in nomination for the Presidency."

Once in the elevator, our observer reports, the little Republican group reverted to the weather. At the fourth floor, the Governor said that there had been some rain in Albany while he'd been visiting with the Deweys; at the seventh, he added that they had recently had three inches in Ohio, but that they sure needed more. "Bad for the corn," he said. We all got out at the eleventh floor, where a suite of three rooms had been reserved for the Brickers. The Governor washed up and went down to the tenth floor for a conference with Herbert Brownell, Jr., the Republican National Chairman. Mrs. Bricker remained in the suite for a press conference. Mr. Bricker later held a press conference of his own in Mr. Brownell's room. He teed off by announcing that it was certainly hot but that he thought it would rain soon. "This is a critical week for corn in Ohio," he added. "We've got to get some rain for it." The reporters asked a few routine political questions, most of which the Governor answered with a bluff "Hope so" or "Ought to." He seemed, by and large, to think that things were looking up for the Republicans.

Mr. Brownell broke in at one point to suggest that the Governor tell his fish story. By way of preamble, Mr. Bricker said, "Well, I'm certainly fond of fishing, and . . ." Here the man from *PM* cut in and asked, speaking of fish, what did the Governor think of Ham Fish's backing the Bricker-Dewey ticket? "I don't think that has much relation to fish stories," the Governor said, in rather a flat voice. A violent rainstorm started, creating a more or less welcome diversion. "Hope we get some in Ohio," the Governor said, looking at the rain with admiration. "Need it for the corn." After the conference broke up, the Governor posed for some more newspaper photographers. He was perspiring freely and several times stopped the proceedings while he combed his hair. "Why, when my hair gets like this, I look as if I'm seventy-five," he remarked. "I was saying to Tom Dewey only yesterday that you'd never know there was just eight years' difference between us." He then went across the hall to a room where some color photographers were awaiting him. Our man detached himself from the group and started for the elevator. As the door closed, he heard Mr. Bricker saying to the color photographers that what Ohio needed was some rain.

Truth

AN Army friend of ours tells us of standing in line to register for the election with a sergeant from his company who was German-born and had got his citizenship the quick, Army way. The lady registrar was a bit testy because the sergeant didn't answer up promptly about his party affiliations. Impatiently she demanded, "Well, who did you vote for last time?" The sergeant knew the answer to that one. "Hindenburg," he said.



"Did I tell you I've received a call to St. Dunstan's-in-the-Meadow? Sixty-five hundred smackers a year!"

THE CHERBOORS

Hilaire Belloc wrote some years ago, in an essay, that whereas he could recite thousands of lines of poetry, he had no aptitude for foreign languages. This rather misty statement occupies a dusty attic corner of my memory, along with a rag bag of provocative phrases which I have overheard at parties, in Longchamps restaurants, and on the boulevards: "There are no pianos in Japan," "You never see Jews fishing," and "People who break into houses do not drink wine." I bring up these odds and ends here, after the fashion of essayists, to get around to me in as tricky a transition as possible.

It happens, speaking of memorizing verses, that I can recite, with fair accuracy, six or seven poems by A. E. Housman, never getting too many "lads" or "maids" into "With rue my heart is laden," but sometimes putting too much "snow" or not enough "woodland" into "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now." My favorite practice, however, in the fast hunting and writing set I belong to in Connecticut, is deliberately to grate upon the ears of some dissolute but sensitive poet by saying, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! after my fashion," instead of "in my fashion." When the poet has calmed down, I ask him to finish the line that begins, "The light that never was." Nine out of ten poets say, "The light that never was, on land or sea," instead of "on sea or land." After that, the misquotations and recriminations mount, and in this way my circle passes the short summer evenings. If you ever come up to visit us, you might start off with "Under the spreading chestnut tree" or "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood" and see what happens. Bets are usually settled by phoning Franklin P. Adams, who loves to get up in the middle of the night and recite verses.

As for foreign languages—which is the point I have been working around to—I am only a little more expert than a Greek waiter I know who, after living in America since 1907, can understand everything you say to him in English but has only seventeen words in which to reply. The exact subject of this essay, to come right down to it, is not English or Greek but French. For several weeks I have been fascinated by a number of persons whom I call Cherboors because, in pronouncing "Cherbourg," they leave off the final "g."

Now, I do not set myself up as a perfectionist in French, for I carefully bypass such words as "grenouille," "trompe-l'œil," and even "rue," but everybody, including your seven-year-old daughter, pronounces the "g" in Cherbourg and always has. As far as I can make out, the originators of the Cherboor Movement were two announcers over WNEW and WTIC. Obviously, they do not listen to plain, blunt Lowell Thomas, who, in the plain, blunt fashion of the late Cal Coolidge, puts on no frills. Mr. Thomas pronounces "cher" like the first syllable in "Sherwood" and "bourg" like the last syllable in "Pittsburgh." This gives the name a homey, down-to-earth sound and disarms the purist by making any criticism seem definitely un-American.

The Cherboors carry their fancy truncation (or Nice Mariannism) to great lengths, all down the line. They say "Ca" for "Caen" and "Le Ha" for "Le Havre," and one of them, over a radio station whose call letters I forget, performs the flossiest operation of all by boldly chopping off the "gne" in "Boulogne," adding "y," and coming up with "Bouloy." I nominate this gentleman for President of the American Association of Cherboors. For Vice-President I suggest the lady whom I overheard in Schrafft's one day assuring her companion that she had served "vichyswa" to her guests long before "vichyswa" became at all popular in this country. Again, your little daughter and my Greek waiter know better than that.

The next step in this process of cutting the legs off French place names will come when the announcers say simply "Châlons-sur-" or "Caudebec-en-," thus creating a cloudier geographic confusion than the world has ever known. I am not one to telephone radio stations, or even to accost and correct strange ladies in restaurants. I leave it up to younger and bolder persons. Meanwhile, there runs through my mind an old French song which ends for me now:

Auprès de ma blon
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon.
Auprès de ma blon
Qu'il fait bon dor.

The troub is that I find it difficul to get that song out of my memor. You will, too. See you in the neurologica ward.

—James Thurber

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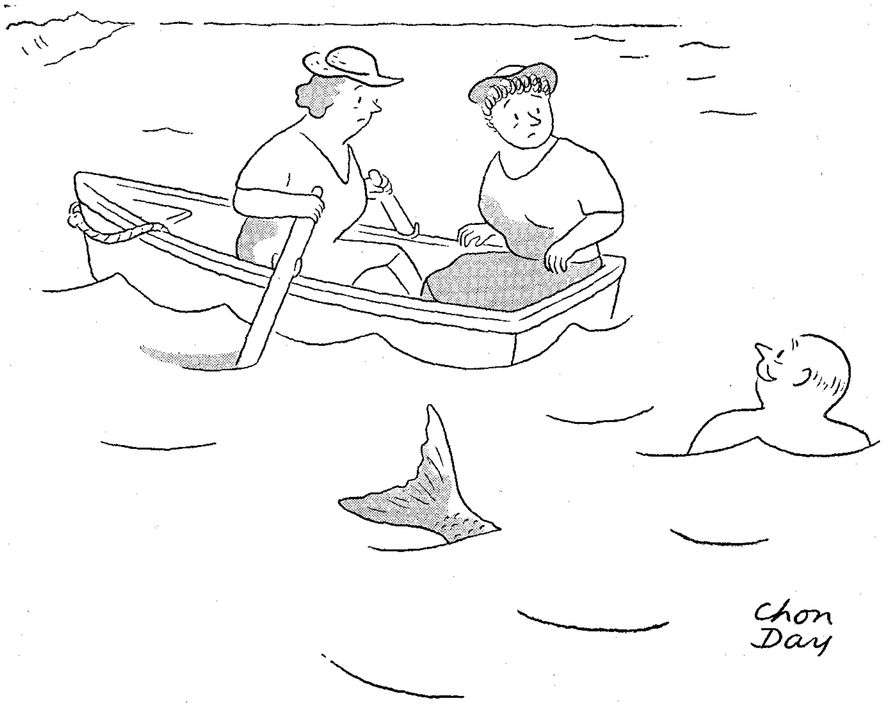
Dear Dorothy Dix—Three weeks ago I became the wife of an undertaker. We will live at his Funeral Home. That's where the trouble begins. He will swipe my cosmetics and my best clothes to use for his corpses. Then he will stand around and brag to me about how nice he makes them look. It is getting on my nerves and I can't stand it.

I love this man very much, but I believe he thinks more of his dead than he does of me. I don't believe I can stand another week of it. Please put yourself in my shoes and tell me what you would do.—*Port Huron (Mich.) Times-Herald.*

Hang on to your shoes, for heaven's sake!



THE LOOTERS

THE surrender of Hong Kong had taken place a month before. The internment of civilians was completed, and the Japanese at the Foreign Affairs Office had said that I could stay outside the concentration camp. You never knew from day to day where you were with the Japs, but for the time being I was living in my own apartment in May Road. The place was very crowded. When I returned to it after the surrender, I found it occupied by people considered "neutrals" by the Japanese. They were Eurasians, really as pro-Ally as myself, but the Japanese had decided that people's sentiments went according to their race, regardless. In ordinary times, all Hong Kong-born people are automatically British, but to the Japs, Asiatics, as a race, must of course love their Japanese liberators.

The people in my flat had been billeted there by the British during the hostilities, according to a defense plan soon forgotten and thrown away. They were unable to go home; their house, over in Kowloon, on the mainland, had been confiscated and looted. So they just stayed on with me.

"Someday," I said, "the Japs will want these May Road buildings too, I suppose, but they haven't said so yet. So let's relax until we're kicked out. And by the way, Irene—" By a miracle Irene and I were alone in the room. I say "by a miracle" because our household, even not counting the servants, consisted of eight people. "By the way, Irene, I wish your father wouldn't do that."

Irene's pretty face looked frightened. "Wouldn't do what?"

"Wouldn't rush out of the room whenever I come into it. He did it again just now. He was trying to take a nap, poor old thing, and when I came in he ran like a rabbit. What's the matter with him?"

"They're afraid of bothering you," said Irene, "Father and Mother both. You see, they're used to their own house. We know what all this must be like for you. Father hates to feel he's intruding."

"Well, damn it, so do I," I said.

We contemplated the problem sadly. Father and Mother were old, and tired after the trouble. Their family was scattered all over the place; there was even a daughter interned with the English at Stanley. Finally, Irene decided to pack her parents off to another sister of hers, who still lived in Kowloon. "The old people like Kowloon better than here," she said. "They're used to it, and it's nearer church. Yes, Daisy's apartment is the place for them."

So Father and Mother moved out, walking at a snail's pace down the hill. This exodus left in the flat Phyllis and her baby Bryan, Irene and her baby Frances, and me and my baby Carola. Life was certainly much less grim now that we had room. "We'll get jobs," we told each other hopefully.

We tried to fix up the apartment. Like everyone else, we were hard up for things, just *any* things. The Japanese soldiers had taken most of our bedding, for example, and our mattresses, and the babies had had no beds anyway. The bathroom windows were blown out. We had no knives; the Japs had liked those, too. Still, we were managing. We actually had too many servants—my Ah King and his wife had moved back, just as if there had been no war, and I had Carola's amah, and the Eurasian girls had a dithery old amah for their babies. She was a lot of trouble, but when a Chinese servant wants to stay with you there isn't much you can do about it. Carola's amah, Ah May, was more trouble than that. I had hired her hastily the day Carola and I came home, and I didn't like her. She wasn't nice-looking—a thin, white-faced woman with pale gums that showed because she constantly smiled in a false, sickly-sweet way.

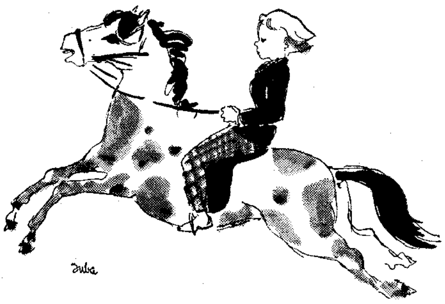
Irene, who knew everybody in town, knew all about Ah May. She was a member of one of the big Chinese families, but she was in disgrace with them because her husband, on discovering that she was unfaithful, had thrown her out.

"I can't believe it of Ah May," I protested. "Why, she's always singing hymns to Carola."

"She's been a bad girl," insisted Irene. "That's why she works like this for her living. She'd die rather than ask her relatives for help."

"It's too bad. I wish I could like her a little better."

"Oh, yes, I'm sorry for her," said Irene, "but I don't like her. She's always trying to stir up trouble."



"She says we can't sit in this chair," added Phyllis, indicating the biggest armchair, near the heater, "because it's yours, and you're the mistress."

"Servants are always like that," Irene assured me. "We don't care."

"But it's ridiculous. I'll tell her off."

"Oh, never mind," Irene said. "There'll only be a row."

Ah May also complained constantly that she was starving. It is true that none of us had too much to eat, but, by careful manipulation of our supplies, Ah King managed to give us enough. A Chinese, left to himself, can eat an incredible quantity of rice anyway, but Ah May would gobble three large bowls—a laborer's normal allowance—and still say she was hungry. If you try to eat more than a bowl and a half of rice you will see why she was unreasonable. She kept stealing extra food besides. Biscuits for the babies, powdered milk, tins of fruit and vegetables began to disappear. We locked them up; Ah May found where we kept the key. All day long we were on edge, watching her, while she puttered around with Carola, singing her hymns in a tuneless falsetto. It got on our nerves terribly but there wasn't anything I could do about it. She had nowhere to go.

One day a man who lived next door to us, in an apartment house known as Abermor Court, told us that he was going away. He was a Frenchman named Duval and was afraid the Japs would check up on his de Gaulliste history, so he meant to go over to Macao, the tiny Portuguese colony on the mainland near Hong Kong, and slip into Free China from there. He gave us our choice of his household goods and we grabbed what we could, joyfully. Even the smallest things—dishes, books, linen—were valuable to us. "There's another matter," said Duval. "I've got some trunks here that I salvaged from the apartment upstairs when all the looting was going on just after the surrender. I don't know the people who own them and I can't be responsible now. It doesn't really matter; they're interned and the Japs will take everything in the flat, but you might as well take these home and look them over. Maybe you could send some warm clothes, if there are any, in to the owners in camp, if that's ever going to be allowed."

At home we held council over the trunks. Irene wanted to prise them open immediately and discard what stuff we couldn't use.

"I'm afraid politics is not my forte."

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"It makes me feel like a looter," I objected. "Let's wait."

"But we can't carry them through the war," argued Phyllis. "Better us than the Japs."

She was right, of course, and I surrendered. Ah King hammered the trunks open as Ah May stood by with her eyes covetously fixed on the treasure trove. It was disappointing, though: nothing was there but household odds and ends and a tray of crystal glasses.

"Here's a pillowcase, anyway," said Irene. "We can use that." We took out a few pieces of bed linen, put back the crystal, and forgot the trunks, all of us but Ah May. I think now that the sight of them being opened definitely turned her head. After that she stole not only food but everything she saw lying around loose. I came across an odd little hoard under Carola's pillow one day: ribbons, a cup, an empty bottle, a doll with one arm gone. There was also a gold watchcase of mine. Gold was worth money and I was angry.

"Why do you want all this junk, Ah May? That's what I can't understand."

She flew into a passion. I wouldn't have minded, but she was holding Carola at the time. "Why, why, why! I can't be bothered with your silly questions!" She stood in the middle of the room and screamed, while Carola stared at me with the wide-eyed idiocy of babies. I was afraid Ah May might hurl her to the floor.

"Never mind answering, then," I said pacifically. "Do you want that doll? Then take it. Only stop yelling."

Ah May suddenly started to cry, putting Carola down on a chair and mopping at her eyes. "I'm sorry, Missy. I don't know what it is. Sometimes I have a devil in me."

"Stop crying now and warm the milk," I said. I had sidled over to the chair and grabbed the baby. Now I beat a hasty retreat. My mind was made up; Ah May would have to go.

Ah King and I talked it over in whispers in the kitchen. He had his own story to tell about Ah May. She stole out of the cooking pots. She stole from the people next door. She constantly insulted Ah King's wife. She had a filthy temper. Ah King thought she was crazy.

"Ah King, where does she put what she steals? If she has no home—"

He snorted. "She say no place to go, but have got. Have got one woman friend with Kowloon house; take plenty root there in wartime." ("Loot," pronounced "root," was a new word among the Hong Kong Chinese.)

We planned our strategy carefully. Ah King's wife had a friend, a trained amah who would be glad to work for me on the new wartime basis: no salary, but food and lodging. Ah King could make anything taste good, and I had learned that tree bark was edible and that an imposing meal could be managed with cooked lettuce. Without Ah May's complaints it would be much easier; my heart felt lighter already at our prospective freedom. But first I had to tell her. Irene advised sudden action.

"Wait until you're ready and push her out before she has a chance to steal anything more," she said. "Otherwise she'll clean us out."

Next day, when Carola had been put to sleep after lunch, I did it. "I hear you have a friend in Kowloon," I said abruptly.

"Yes, Missy." Her eyes were watchful. "One very kind friend."

"Well, Ah May," I said, swallowing hard, "you'd better go away today. Now. I don't want you here any more."

She turned white. "Now? But why? What have I done?"

"Now, let's not talk about it. You can go to your friend, you see."

She licked her lips and I realized that she had been expecting it to happen. "You must give me money," she said arrogantly.

"I don't have to, but I will. Now you must pack up."

"Without my food? I won't go without food."

"Oh yes you will, Ah May," I said. "You just finished your lunch, so get

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A XANTHIPPE

"She pelted me with wormy raisins and damned me for a lousy Whig."—*Remark by a distinguished-appearing elderly man, quite possibly an eccentric, overheard in the reading room of the Public Library.*

Your voice, old fellow, was not querulous, but gentle,
And touched with a sad, ancient sort of wonderment.
It was the voice of Socrates, waiting the hemlock,
And thinking of the woman who had mocked his dreams.
"Why should she turn on me?" you seemed to want to know,
As if you thought she could sit patiently forever,
Listening to your mewling chatter, your fine-spun notions,
And flattering by her silence the thing you call your Brain.
You septuagenarian addlepate, you moth-eaten theorist,
You should have known better than to expect applause.
You recognize her, don't you? All ages know her tongue.
She is that despoiler of visions, everlasting—the Lady Critic.

"How many times have I told you not to put your feet up on the sofa without putting a newspaper under them?"

Did this censor in petticoats ever tell you that men
Are only little boys grown up, come to think of it?
Did she ever ask why, if your ideas were so wonderful,
Nobody ever came to buy them and do homage to your genius?
Did she say you had your head in the clouds, poor dear?
We'll bet she said those things, and more, and then
Her patience broke and she gave you, in her way, the works.
And that's why, disgruntled, outmoded, graybearded Whig,
You go maundering about the Public Library, puzzling people
Who can't figure out what the devil you're talking about.
Senescent philosopher, you have merely been poleaxed
By a Woman Who Doesn't Understand—the eternal Lady Critic.

"Why do you always buy the 'Sun' when you know I like the women's page in the 'World-Telegram'?"

Some of them are prominent, and a Credit to Their Sex.
They get up in Congress to browbeat their cloddish colleagues
They dash off columns which make things clear, maybe;
They rant upon the radio, courtesy of Kleen-Kut Klothes;
They run newspapers, and fancy they are shaping our world
They sit at literary teas, blackguarding innocent authors;
They go on lecture tours, and sneer at the paying peasants;
They write plays, the snootier ones, about the Little People;
And the really big ones get long pieces in *Life* magazine.
It is our guess, doddering vagrant of the library stacks,
That you unwittingly became entangled with one of these;
She listened for a time—then out on your ear you went.

"What was so special about that joke that you had to take Jim out in the kitchen to tell him?"

The ungainly Lincoln, who, God knows, had enough trouble,
Met such a lady once, named Mary Todd, and he married her,
Piling up for himself a legacy of tantrums over trifles.
Rip van Winkle stood it a long time, longer than most,
And then went away into the green hills for his sweet sleep;
His, it may be, was the soundest answer yet devised
For outfoxing the Tribe That Can't Let Well Enough Alone
The husband of Carrie Nation, the weakling, gave up early;
Stout Pericles carried on in spite of nagging Aspasia;
The list is dreary, Whig friend—the women folks of
The Borgias and the Medicis, Becky Sharp of the green eyes
The exasperating Craig's Wife, and perhaps even Lizzie Bord

"I don't know what you see in Quimby, having lunch wit him all the time."

What! Doxies and wantons, termagants and shrews,
Viragoes and vixens, harpies and jillflirts,
Fishwives and beldames, vampires and crones,
Cats and scolds, wenches and harridans.
No, bewildered, grizzled coot, such epithets
Avail nothing and are probably in bad taste.
Never strike a Member of the Opposite Sex,
And besides, who do you think you are,
You and your boring schemes for a better world?
So take the crushing verdict like a man,
Remembering that when the guillotine is working
She'll be there, knitting, nodding, finding fault.

"François, who ran it yesterday, had a little neater touch, don't you think?"

—STANLEY WALKER

• •

ready." She didn't scare me now. So long as she didn't grab at Carola I didn't mind. "Right now," I added firmly.

She began to talk in Cantonese, raising her voice and growing wild-eyed. At the first hysterical noises Irene and Phyllis and Ah King and the new amah hurried in and stood there warningly. Ah May, outnumbered, shut up and started to pack.

"Remember," I said, "you'll have to go through guards down in the street. The Japs won't let us remove anything from here but personal belongings. So be careful. . . . That's mine, Ah May. . . . And that."

She kept up a stream of rude language and she stopped packing once to spit in Irene's face. That made things livelier. "She says," translated Irene indignantly, "that I should help her against you because you're a foreigner. . . . Oh, you devil!" Ah May had swung a basket and caught her in the shin.

"Oh, did I hurt you, Mrs. Fincher?" Ah May said sweetly. She had recovered her smile and her honeyed voice. "I'm *so* sorry!"

PHYLLIS and I went down the hill as far as the road with her. I had told the truth about the guards; the Japanese, intending to go over our houses at their leisure, had placed Sikhs there to

“. . . in Assam and northern Burma, continued rains this month and next.”

inspect outgoing baskets. They had Indians everywhere: renegades from the British regiment that had been stationed in Hong Kong and former policemen and watchmen who had a grudge against the English and were glad to welcome their new conquerors. In this part of town they were under the command of a white man named Grover and his Eurasian henchman, John. Grover had run a butcher shop in Hong Kong and had passed as English until Pearl Harbor. Then he suddenly claimed to be “stateless.” Probably he was a White Russian. He was in well with the Japs and we hated him. It was rumored that he kept most of the stuff he confiscated in their name. John saluted as we arrived; he was always respectful to me, and apologetic. I explained about Ah May. “You’ll want a look at her stuff?” I added.

“Guess so; that’s the rule. . . . Here, you,” he said to Ah May, “open up this bag.”

I don’t know how Ah May had done it. I’ll swear we had seen every bundle being wrapped up at the flat, yet now her baskets revealed a lot of our possessions that we hadn’t seen her touch indoors. One thing after another we pounced on and reclaimed. Stockings and toys, baubles and plates, forks and linen, a powder compact of Phyllis’s—we found them all, while Ah May stood by, cold and disdainful, smiling to herself.

All of a sudden her control broke down and she grabbed one of the things, a handleless cup, and threw it into the road. It made a small, tinkling smash.

“Here, you,” cried John, “what’s the matter with you?”

Ah May began to scream as he raised his arm to hit her. “You say I’m a criminal?” she shouted. “You call me crook? Let me tell you that this *lady*”—she sneered with passionate venom as she pointed to me—“has been looting for weeks. Her house is full of looted trunks. It is true; you go and look. So much they have been looting, and now they don’t want me to take a little bit of it. You go and look. There are trunks from the house next door, from an Englishman’s house. Go and look. She is No. 1 looter.” Her screams brought three Japanese officers in kimonos out to the veranda of their headquarters nearby. John had to take action; perhaps they had understood. He turned to me.

“Is this true?” he asked.

“I’ve got some trunks from Abermor Court,” I admitted.

“We’ll have to come and have a look at them, then,” he said, obviously intending to sound regretful, but unable to keep a certain eagerness out of his voice. “It’s the law.”

I shrugged. Ah May stalked off down the road carrying her bags, still shrieking, still smiling. Phyllis and I climbed back to our home and gave due warning to the others about the imminent visit. We were all worried, for Grover had a nasty reputation, but Irene, as usual, wanted to fight it through.

“I asked at the Jap Foreign Affairs Office yesterday,” she said. “I mean, about all this confiscation. Mr. Oda says the Army hasn’t any right to do it, really. According to international law they aren’t supposed to grab household things—only businesses and ships and things like that. Mr. Oda told the girls who work there and they told me.”

“And will Mr. Oda argue with the Army for us?” I demanded. We had quickly learned that no Japanese civilians, even when they hold government posts, have any authority at all over the services. Irene admitted that Mr. Oda would probably not back up his statements, and then the doorbell rang.

Grover had come along with John and four coolies with carrying poles. “Well, let’s have it out,” he said. He was a big man with a face of false jollity; his eyes were always alert and unpleasant. When he saw the crystal in the trunk he was pleased. He didn’t waste words. “Pack it up, boys,” he told the coolies, and in a few moments they had disappeared with the trunks and everything in them. He and John stayed behind and he strolled around the rooms then, sniffing about. He paused in front of my piano. “You want this?” he demanded abruptly of me.

“Well, I do, rather.” He moved on to a desk in the corner.

“Teak,” he said to himself.

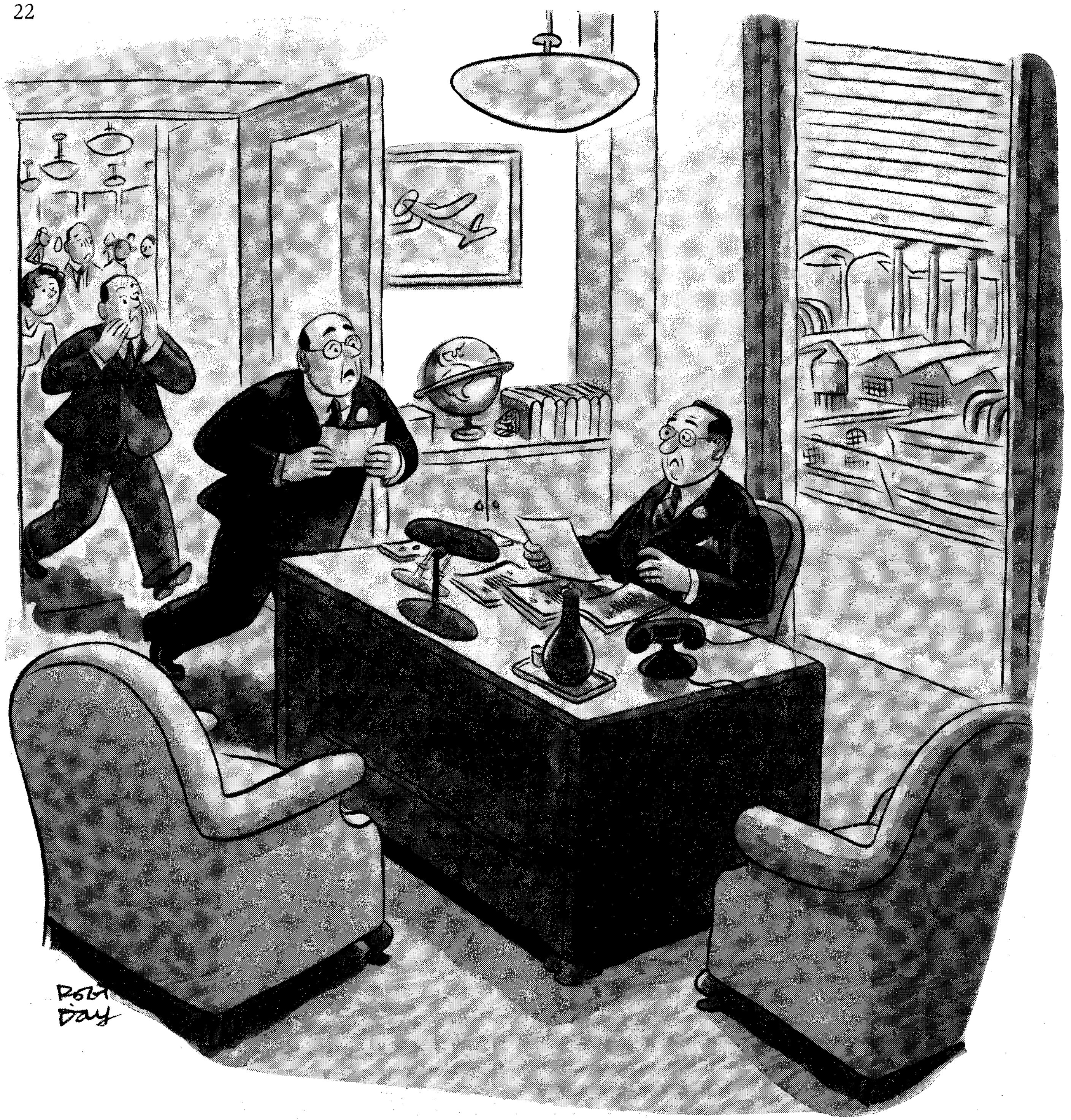
“That’s a good-looking heater,” he announced suddenly. He was right; it was a nice electric heater. We used it to dry diapers in foggy weather and to keep warm by; it was a necessity in the house. I said so. So did Irene.

“John,” said the great man, “bring the girls another heater and exchange it for this. One of those round ones; we’ve got plenty.”

“I won’t take this until I’ve brought the other up,” said John. “They’re using it now.”

“O. K.,” said Grover genially. He was in a good temper.

“Just what sort of job is it you’ve



"Our contract has been cancelled, and Washington wants the paper it's written on for the salvage drive!"

• •

got, Mr. Grover?" asked Irene. She had bought meat from him before the war.

"Who, me?" His voice boomed. "Oh, I'm chief of the local Gestapo," he said proudly. "I have been for years."

He and John went out.

JOHN brought up a heater that afternoon, a cheap model that had been picked up in the Chinese market place. None of us said anything when he arrived, not even John. He came in and pulled out the plug of our own heater, and plugged in the other, obviously to see how it worked. It didn't. There was a sputtering noise, a blue flash, and a smell of burning moisture.

"Burned out," said John, standing there with his hands on his hips. "Well, as it happens, we haven't got another one just now. If I can't replace your heater I'm not supposed to take it. That's the law. I figure Grover may forget all about it tomorrow."

He picked up his broken heater and started for the door. We stood there, silent. John opened the door and looked outside. Then he closed it again and turned to us. "And if he does remember," he said, "let me know in time, so when I bring another heater up I can rub more soap on it and make it burn out again. Nothing easier. Well, so long."

—EMILY HAHN

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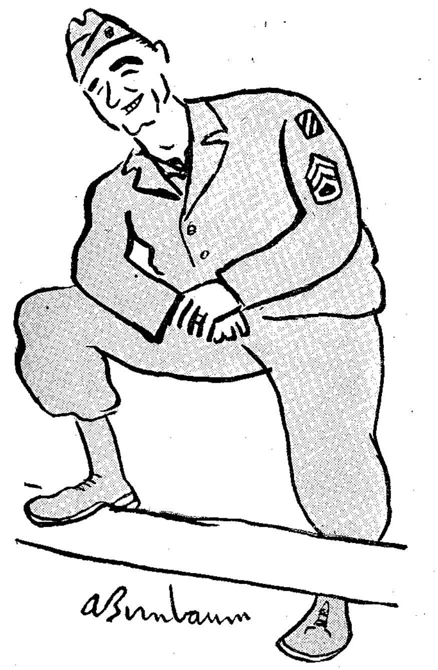
WANTED—a large wash tub or a wife all equipped. Eugene Dick.—*Adv. in the Belchertown (Mass.) Sentinel.*

Make up your mind.

PROFILES

THE REGULAR



Staff Sergeant Prendiville

ALL things considered, Staff Sergeant Joseph P. Prendiville, Infantry, United States Army, has had more of an effect on this war than it has had on him. In addition to training a large number of doughboys who have conducted themselves with distinction in combat, he has fought in five Mediterranean sectors and he has killed quite a few enemy soldiers, the ultimate goal for any practicing infantryman. Not long ago, on his return to the United States from the Anzio beachhead, he said that his experiences overseas had changed him only to the extent that he is now fond of French champagne, which he had sampled just once or twice in his life before he landed under fire at Fedala, in French Morocco, in the fall of 1942. "My favorite drink, however, is still beer," he added. This profession of loyalty was in a way unnecessary, because his allegiance to beer would never be questioned by anyone familiar with his background. Prendiville is a Regular Army enlisted man.

In the remote days of peace, when the Regular Army was sometimes ignored, and not infrequently abused, by the citizens it was committed to serve, its men were unable to engage in extensive maneuvers because of a notable lack of legislative enthusiasm for appropriating funds for this purpose. Consequently, they spent a good deal of their time drinking beer, the most expensive drink their sketchy wages could provide. Some of them achieved prodigious reputations in this line. Prendiville, who has been in the service a mere six years—which makes him a novice among old Army men—has polished off as many as twenty-six bottles in a day, but he regards himself as just a middling consumer. "That was with food," he explains. "Without eating, I could usually manage only a dozen or so. But I don't know what I can do now. I'm out of practice." Before the war, Regular Army enlisted men were generally careful not to patronize bars where they would be unwelcome. "As a result," Prendiville said recently, "the only people today who can tell the difference between a regular and a selectee are bartenders near Army posts." He himself rarely makes the distinction any more. He and all other regulars have been absorbed into the Army of the United States—which is the official name for the body of men that includes the Regular Army, the National Guard, the Organized Reserves, and the selectees—and he has seen the petty squabbles of the past resolved in the brotherly blood of battle. Since being awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action during the first hours of the Allied invasion of North Africa, he has fought in Tunisia, in Italy, and in Sicily, where he was wounded and received the Purple Heart. He has been bombed and strafed, shot at by snipers, sprayed by machine guns, bullied by mortars, and stunned by artillery; he has been cold, hungry, sick, wet, and shaken by murderous hate. If infantrymen got titles for bagging five or more opponents, he would be an ace. As it is, his title overseas was merely platoon sergeant of a rifle platoon in the Third Infantry Division. "Leading a platoon is one thing I know about," he has said.

Leading a platoon is a difficult job. There are three platoons in an infantry rifle company, each consisting of forty men armed with such portable means of destruction as rifles, automatic rifles, bayonets, grenades, and tommy guns. These units are usually commanded by a second lieutenant, the platoon leader, assisted by a platoon sergeant. A few months ago, the Army's Tables of Organization, which govern the ratings authorized for various duties, were revised, and platoon sergeants were advanced in rank from staff sergeancies to technical sergeancies. Prendiville did not get this promotion, because soldiers may not be promoted once they have been picked to go home under the War Department's rotation plan. During much of his campaigning, there was no officer assigned to his platoon, and Prendiville ran the show—a minor one, perhaps, from an overall point of view, but one of transcendent importance to the men acting in it. Prendiville is proud of the job he held, and of the bond between his men and him. "I used to kid my platoon," he says, "and they called me everything from a son of a gun to names I wouldn't mention, but any of them would go to hell for me, or with me. Nobody knows his men better than their platoon sergeant. He eats with them, sleeps with them, bawls them out, and fights the next platoon sergeant to get them out of a detail. It's the old story: you've got to stick up for your men. If you don't, they won't respect you."

Prendiville's permanent Army rank is sergeant, and the fact that he has had only one temporary promotion during a period of general accelerated advancement is attributable to his feelings about his unit. Before the Third Division went on foreign service, he was offered the chance of going to an Officer Candidate School. He declined. "It might have been sentiment," he says. "I had trained my platoon and I wanted to take it into combat." His sentimentality is at least partly hereditary; he is an Irishman. He was born in County Kerry thirty-three years ago, and he didn't migrate to the United States until he was twenty. Except for a couple of years in Hawaii and his recent tour of such prominent places as Oran, Casablanca, Tunis, Bizerte, Licata, Palermo, Naples, Nettuno, and so on, he has been here ever since. He became a citizen in 1936. He has black hair, a ruddy complexion, and a quick smile, and he talks fluently and expressively—often using the occupational clichés of the old soldier—with a slight brogue.

Prendiville is one of ten children. Two of his seven brothers are aviators, one with the Royal Air Force in England, the other in the Royal New Zealand Air Force. His father, who died in 1932, had a twenty-seven-acre farm in County Kerry, where the family lived in a comfortable if somewhat primitive stone house with a slate roof. They grew vegetables, raised cattle and fowl, and ate well. Joseph went through the eighth grade in a county school, and learned enough about America to decide that he wanted to see it. "I'd always heard it was a good place to make a living," he says. "I wanted to find out, and

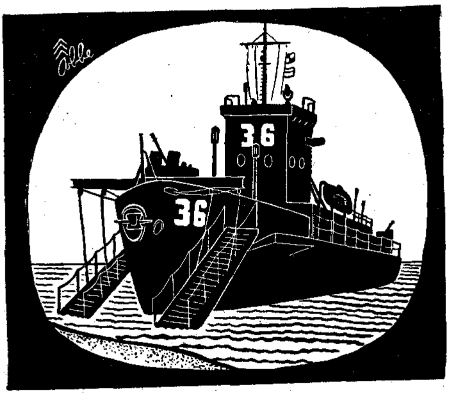
I did. It *is* a good place to make a living. Back in Ireland, life was kind of dull. You didn't get to do a hell of a lot." He has not seen any of his immediate family in thirteen years, and doesn't feel that there is any particular urgency about keeping them constantly informed of his whereabouts. He has never told them that he is in the war. When he came back to this country, he was glad that there were *no* close relatives to receive him. "If there were any, and they asked me anything about what I'd been doing," he says, "I'd just tell them, well, the heck with you, something like that, and I wouldn't talk. Relatives ask you too many questions. They dive into your secrets."

When he came over from Ireland, Prendiville had a first cousin and several distant relatives in California, and accordingly he settled there. He now regards San Francisco as his home town. He got a job with the Southern Pacific Railroad as a freight-car builder. After seven years at that trade, he enlisted in the Army, in 1938. "I had itchy feet, they call it," he says. "I wanted to go places and see things. Also, there was a girl I wanted to get away from." In the old days, recruiting offices did a thriving business with prospects who had just passed through romantic crises. Prendiville was a confirmed bachelor until three days after the start of the furlough he earned for his service abroad. Then, like so many other combat veterans who feel impelled to make their dreams of domestic security come true, he got married to a girl he had known for fourteen years. While Prendiville was overseas, she worked on the assembly line of a West Coast B-25 factory.

In the interval between the first and second World Wars, the country, as always, forgot about its Army. "The civilian population didn't know anything about the Army," Prendiville says. "It was something they had, and they were paying taxes to keep it, and they didn't want it. They didn't think they needed it. That hurt the old soldier. Some of the regulars had gone in because it was a lazy man's life and they didn't want to work. But for men with different views, the old boys who fought the last war and figured we've got to have an army—every country's got to have an army—and those who had enlisted for patriotic reasons, the civilian attitude was hard to take. Those who joined up mostly out of patriotism figured it like this: 'We've got freedom, and that's what we want, and that's what we're going to keep, and if we haven't got it we don't want to stay around.' They figured, 'The hell with the civilians. We're the old Army. They'll find out they need us someday.' "

Early in 1938, when Prendiville enlisted in the infantry, the country had not yet found out its need. He asked to be sent immediately to Hawaii, and when he arrived he was assigned to the Twenty-seventh Infantry, a venerable regiment known as the Wolfhounds because it had been stationed in Siberia in the last war. He went through a basic training somewhat simpler than that given apprentice doughboys today. Six years ago, although the matter probably never came up, the use of live ammunition doubtless would have been frowned upon, if anyone had requested it, by overseers of military budgets, on the ground that it was wasteful, costly, and noisy. "We never could have got them to fire a round of artillery over our heads, although I wish now that they had," says Prendiville sorrowfully. "We just had little bitty maneuvers." The education he received in such comparatively economical subjects as military courtesy and discipline, on the other hand, was thorough, and he is glad that he had it. "It gets you to do things automatically, and that's what you want in battle," he says. "It's too damn bad we didn't have an enforced draft and give every lad a chance to have a little training after he left school or college. It would have helped a lot."

Life in the old Army was often oppressively dull. Soldiers rarely worked more than half a day; nearly every afternoon was devoted mainly to athletics, a practice that led to rivalry among military teams far more intense than any that ever existed in the Ivy League. The average soldier ate, slept, polished his equipment, contributed twenty-five cents of each month's pay to the United States Soldiers' Home in Washington, as all regulars still do, waited patiently for his enlistment to end, rarely got mail from home—in many cases, he either had his family with him or didn't have any close family ties—and was practically never entertained by a movie star. Prendiville looked forward eagerly to the maneuvers, curtailed though they were, that he occasionally went on, because they were a refreshing departure from routine. After each brief outing, he and his buddies held long and solemn discussions of the tactics they had practiced. These seminars were informal ones, conducted after hours. "The beer parlor on our post was our infantry school, and the beer garden was our advanced infantry school," he says. At these moist academies they engaged in involved and lively arguments on the fine points of marksmanship and the principles of close-order and extended-order drill, subjects then not much discussed in non-military saloons. "I liked close-order drill," Prendiville has said, a statement which very few amateur soldiers would cheerfully make. "There was a lot of snap to it then. It made a fellow sit up and take notice,



INVITATION

Since this is summer, since all heaven, indeed,
Is blue with more than color for the eye—
With deeper blue to answer an old need
Of ample, grave serenities of sky—
Let this eccentric bundle that is I,
And that most singular and separate you,
Put off the names that men have known us by,
And so go lost in summer, drowned in blue. . . .

Forgetting all that we have known before,
And innocent and nameless and astray,
Stripped of the soiled identities we wore—
Wade out into the tide that is this day,
Too far for any shouting from the shore
To call us back to names that we foreswore.

—David Morton

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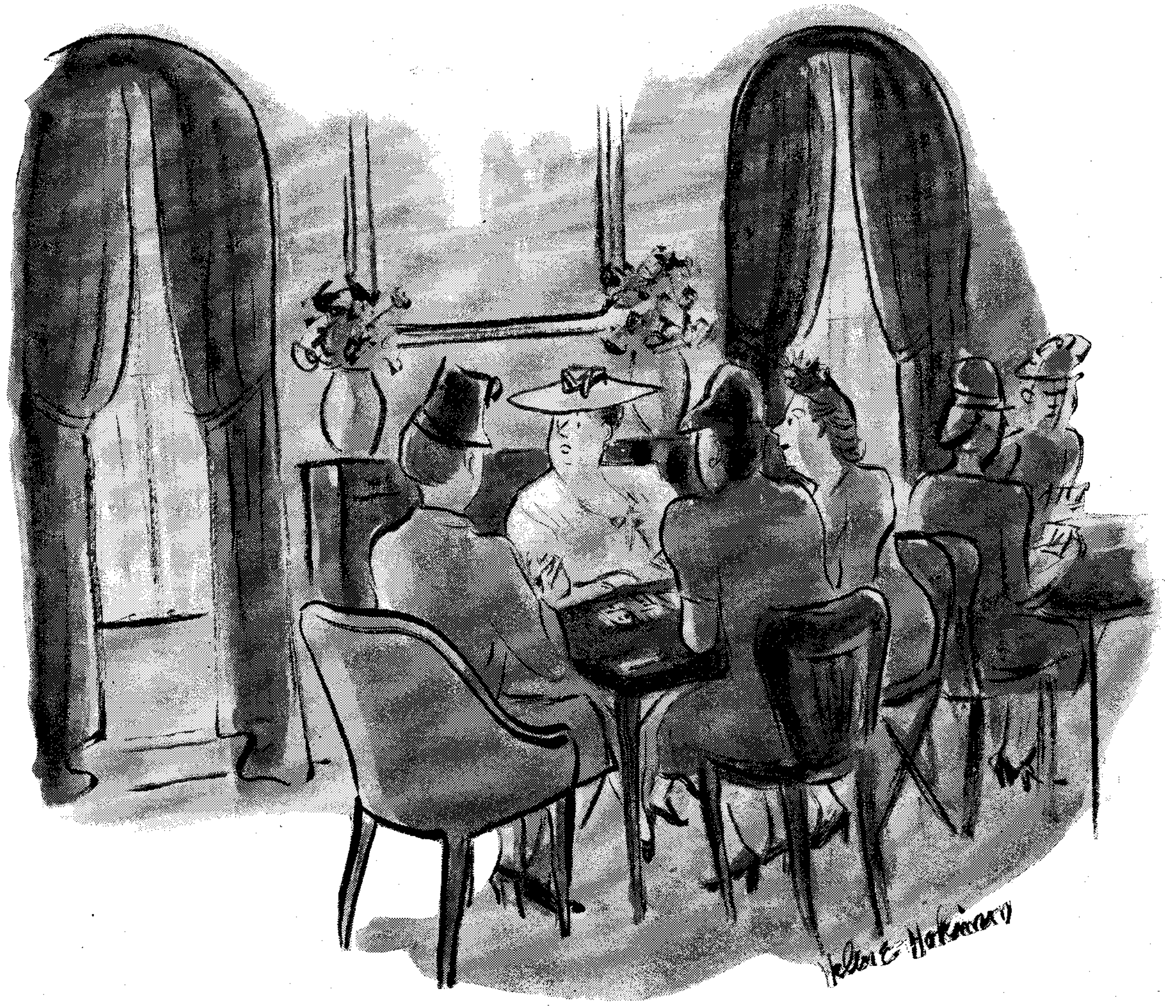
whether he wanted to or not. It certainly has helped me to fight. It gives you discipline, and, by God, if you haven't got that, you haven't got anything."



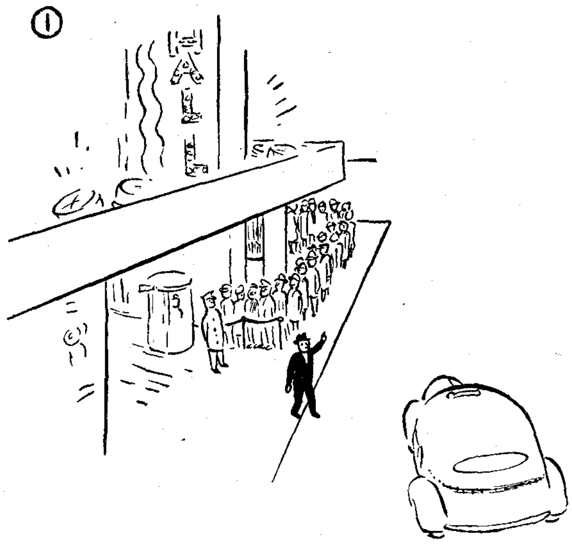
"Mrs. Brown acts so furtive lately. Do you suppose she's finally found a maid?"

Largely because of his experience in building railroad cars, Prendiville spent some time during his stay in Hawaii as a company artificer, making minor repairs on weapons and doing carpentry, and he also assisted the supply sergeant. After he was sent back to the States in the summer of 1940, at the end of his enlistment term, he was honorably discharged, had a twenty-day fling in mufti, and reënlisted, having been unable to see anything singularly attractive in the civilian world. His reëntrance into the Army was not marked by any farewell parties of the sort which most of the selectees who followed him in came to expect as their due. He merely had a few beers with a cousin and some friends and then walked jauntily into the recruiting office at the Presidio in San Francisco. There he had to dissuade an officer from putting him in a coast-artillery outfit that needed men. "I am an infantryman and want to go back in the infantry," Prendiville told him severely. His preference was deferred to, and he was ordered to report to a regiment of the Third Division. Prendiville stayed with that regiment until he was sent home from Anzio nearly four years later. He is proud of being an infantryman and has a great respect for his branch of the service. "That's where you need smart men," he says. "The doughboy is the guy who actually meets war face to face."

THE Third Division, like most other regular outfits, was considerably under its authorized strength when the Army began to expand, and the gaps were filled with selectees. Early in 1941, Prendiville, who had once more been made an artificer, asked his company commander to shift him to straight line duty. This was done, and he was given a corporal's rating. He soon became a sergeant, and he got his staff sergeancy in April, 1942. Just about the time he changed jobs, the first selectees came into his unit. Conflict between the drafted men and the old-timers was inevitable. Prendiville, who had the assignment of helping to turn a crew of conspicuously unmilitary citizens into soldiers worthy of an old Army unit, took his responsibilities soberly, and after some preliminary bickering and confusion he got to understand the new men and their point of view. "They were a damn good bunch of kids," he says. "Single lads, for the most part—not too settled down. Occasionally there would be a stubborn lad with a you-can't-make-me-do-this attitude, and there were some who thought they'd be out of the Army in twelve months. That kind would listen to the Articles of War being read and say, 'O.K., we'll be good boys for a while, but we'll be out in a year, darling.' "

At first, Prendiville and his fellow-regulars were baffled by the relentless affection which civilians, suddenly conscious of their protectors, now began lavishing on enlisted men, both the old and the new. People bought them drinks at bars in which their presence had never before been particularly encouraged. Old ladies asked them to their homes for fried-chicken dinners. They got reduced prices at public entertainments, and U.S.O. clubhouses and Stage Door Canteens surged into their barren lives in a rich flood of hospitality. Before long, morale officers were being assigned to their outfits. None of these extracurricular inducements were required to make Prendiville content with his lot, but he feels that on the whole they had a beneficial effect on the selectees. "After all," he says, "those kids were pulled in. They weren't like us then. They figured something extra ought to be done for them because they were losing something. We knew what to expect when we enlisted."

Combat breaks down barriers quickly; in peacetime, it took longer for most



of the regulars and selectees to get on fraternal terms. "For a while," says Prendiville, "the kids didn't understand what the hell it was all about. Why, some of them more or less blamed the Regular Army men for bringing them in. As if we had anything to do with it! We used to say, 'God damn it, what are you talking about? We didn't ask for you.' Then there was the griping. You know how everybody in the Army gripes. Well, the selectees would listen to us and say, 'What are you bitching about? You weren't drafted. You got into this of your own free will.' And we'd say to them, 'What are *you* bitching about? You were handcuffed volunteers.' But what struck me as funniest of all was how the pre-Pearl Harbor draftees acted toward the later ones. The earlier ones took the attitude of veteran soldiers; for a while they wouldn't even talk to the newcomers. They would tell them, when they did talk, what they had to do to become qualified soldiers. We regulars were too surprised to say anything. It all struck me as comical as hell, but it's the spirit of the Army and I guess it was a good thing. Anyway, most of us knew what we were going to get into before too long, and we knew we'd be getting into it together."

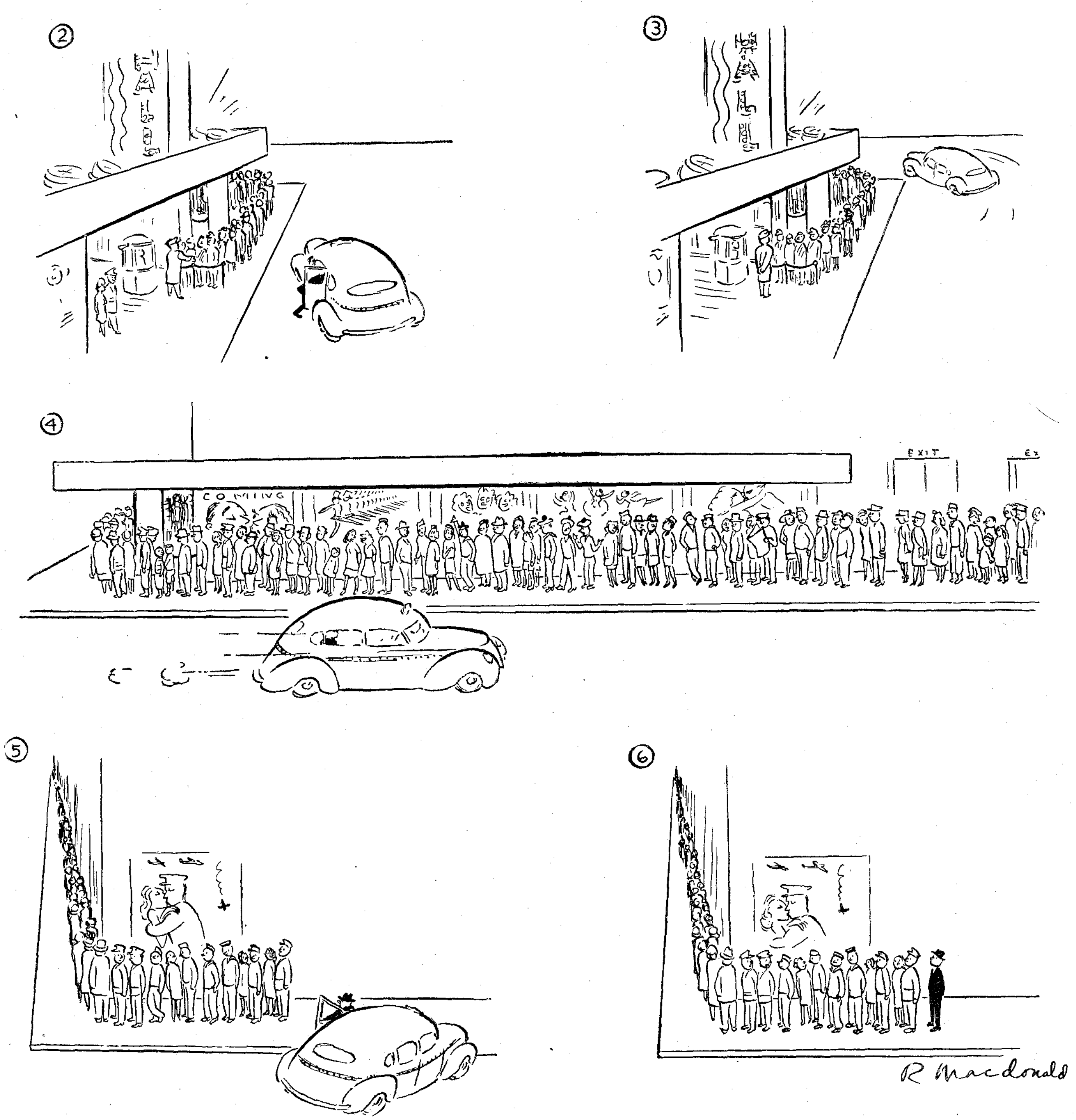
WHEN Sergeant Prendiville's platoon sailed from an east-coast port late in October, 1942, as a small part of a task force, he was not overly apprehensive. He had made soldiering his business and he felt that he knew it well. He was ready to fight. "I'm not a glory hound," he says. "Some say professional soldiers are out for glory, but when I came in I didn't give a damn, and when we took off I figured that I'd accept whatever came from day to day, and if I lived through it, fine." Before embarking, he hadn't even bothered to take out the full ten thousand dollars' worth of government insurance permitted under Army regulations. Most soldiers, if they haven't already got this maximum coverage, prudently hasten to get it before heading overseas. Prendiville is now insured for ten thousand dollars; he signed up at the first opportunity in French Morocco. However, before he found the opportunity to transact that relatively tranquil bit of business, he had saved the lives of two of his men, nearly lost his own, earned the Silver Star, and somewhat changed his views about the risks incident to landing on a defended shore in wartime.

Early on the morning of November 8th, Prendiville and a part of his platoon, which was in the first wave heading for a beach at Fedala, were bouncing in toward land in a Higgins boat steered by a naval coxswain. A French coastal battery turned a searchlight on the little craft, and the coxswain, trying to dodge this embarrassing attention, ran the boat on a reef a hundred and fifty yards offshore. Most of the soldiers scrambled onto the reef. Two of them, who couldn't swim, fell in the water and went under. Prendiville, who had already made the reef, dived back in and hauled them out. The stranded doughboys were in an uncomfortable spot. Their objective was five and a half miles inland and they were still out at sea, with a French machine gun firing at them and artillery shells splashing around them as shore guns duelled with Allied warships. Prendiville, the highest-ranking soldier in the group, decided that he'd better get his men out of there, or, as he puts it, the hell out of there. He floundered around in the water until he found a sandbar, along which the men struggled, in single file and through waist-deep water, to the beach, and two and a half hours later they reached their objective. "Sergeant Prendiville's devotion to duty and disregard for his own personal safety," his citation said, in the set phrases of official commendation, "were an inspiration to his men and reflect great credit on himself and the military service."

After French resistance ceased, the Third Division didn't do much fighting for quite a while. It took part in the Tunisian campaign only on the final day. Though not in action, it was, however, far from inactive. For one thing, the division spent forty-five days practicing speed marching. Five miles an hour is usually considered an excessive pace for marching troops. Once the Third covered five and one-eighth miles of North African terrain in fifty-two minutes flat. Day after day, the men were pushed on painful marches of from five to twenty-five miles, all at a faster clip than they had ever travelled in their training back home. "Speed is very essential in battle," Prendiville said later, while sitting down. "They were really hardening us to take Hitler's fortress, and it saved thousands of lives. I don't like to walk five miles an hour. I like to take my time. But it's not what I like that counts."

Prendiville's platoon had a total of four leaders, including himself. The three others were commissioned officers. "In Africa I had a damn good little platoon leader," Prendiville says, using the possessive tones many noncoms employ in referring to their superiors. "He had been a personnel clerk before going to O.C.S. He was a heck of a nice lad, but he didn't know much about field tactics, and left that up to the squad leaders and me till he learned, and he learned fast. He never did anything without consulting us. He stuck with us through Sicily, where he got dysentery and had to be evacuated. I took the platoon then. I got a new leader in Italy, right after we crossed the Volturno River, but he only lasted three days. Then just before Christmas, I got a man fresh from the U. S. A. He was a very conscientious little fellow but never cut out to be a soldier. He meant well, but he couldn't stand up under combat." Prendiville thinks that some of the other officers under whom he has served were good and some were not so good, which is exactly the way he had expected it would be. He considers that the best leaders are Regular Army officers, most of whom are graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point. "You can't surpass the West Pointer," he has said. "There's no doubt about that. He knows his stuff; he's been brought up with it from a pup."

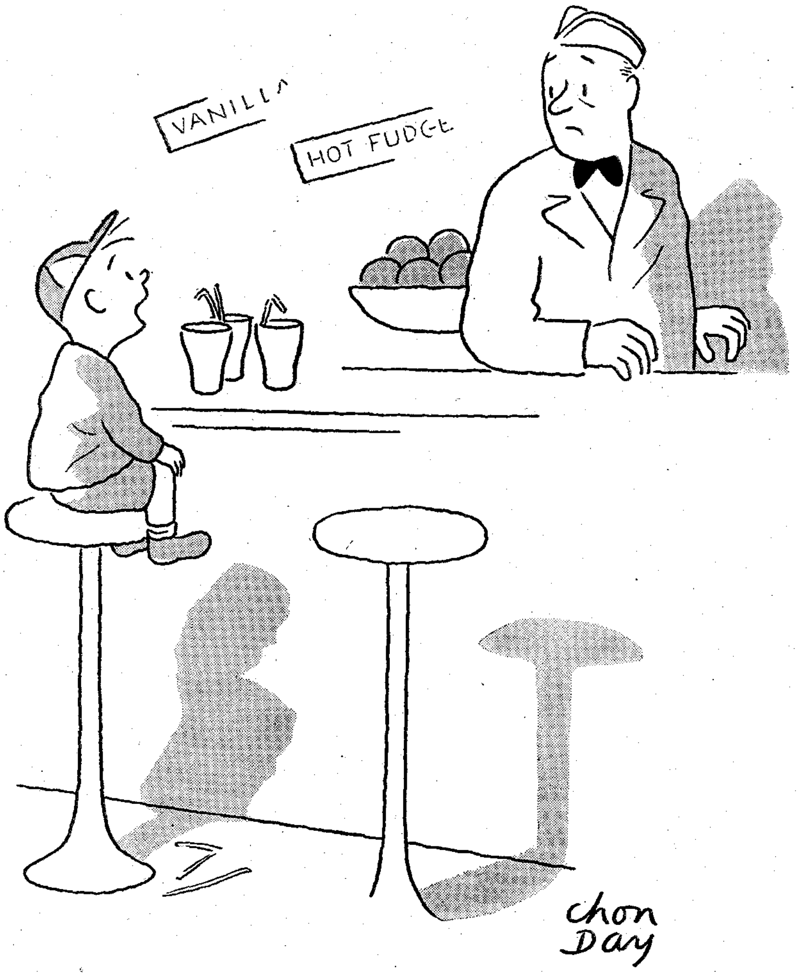
LAST July, when the Third Division was landed on the then hostile shore at Licata, in Sicily, Prendiville was once again in the first wave. His platoon rode in on an LCI and on the beach ran into a thick belt of barbed wire. Prendiville and one of his squad leaders went ahead and cut the wire. Just after they started, an artillery battery in a fortress a thousand yards to the right got their



range and shells began bursting around them. One landed close, and both men were hit by fragments. The squad leader got a bad leg wound; Prendiville was cut on one knee. A medical-aid man worked his way forward and patched them up. Prendiville was awarded the Purple Heart for this wound. In less than a week, however, he set off, limping slightly, with the rest of his outfit on an epic hike to Palermo, a hundred miles away. "It was the most rugged march I ever made in my life," he says. The doughboys were in a hurry to get to Palermo, where the Italians and Germans were expected to make a stand against the Allied forces who were trying to squeeze them off the island. "We wanted to get there fustest with the mostest," says Prendiville, never at a loss for the suitable cliché, "and we did. I saw men march with blood in their shoes. They just wouldn't quit. I was the second oldest man in the company, and when a bunch of old fogies like us stayed in there, the younger fellows were damned if they'd drop out. They were a gallant bunch. You couldn't beat those men." Prendiville's feet were badly blistered during that grim trudge, but they didn't trouble him seriously until November, after he had landed in Italy, when he got trench foot and had to take a week's leave to be treated in a rear echelon. "It was nice there," he recalls. "We were three miles back of the lines, and had pup tents, and I could keep my feet kind of dry and warm." In his eighteen months of service in the North African Theatre of Operations, he wore out eighteen pairs of G.I. shoes, which are built for durability.

Prendiville fought all the way across the northern coast of Sicily, and during the campaign he developed a considerable respect for the abilities of the German soldier and a vast dislike for the 88-millimetre guns the Nazis so persistently employed. He was usually armed with a tommy gun, a trench knife, three hand grenades (two fragmentation and one concussion), and a Luger pistol he had taken from a dead German officer. He had forty rounds of ammunition for the pistol and a hundred and twenty for the tommy gun. "I always carried too much," he says. In Sicily, none of his men wore packs. It was July and rather warm, and discomfort was secondary to weight, anyhow. "An infantryman there had no business carrying blankets," Prendiville says. In Italy, where it was much colder, the men had a blanket and a shelter-half apiece. Most of the men had either their shelter-half or their raincoat hanging from their belt. Prendiville kept a few toilet articles in a pouch he had made himself and slung on his belt, and he had a pick for digging holes. "I carried that rather than a shovel because I could always scoop the dirt out with my helmet or hands," he explained. "All I needed beside that was a little spoon for eating all I was going to get up there—C rations." As it happened, on rare occasions the company kitchen trucks caught up with the men and passed out hot food. Prendiville has one unaccountable, atypical taste: he really likes all the pressed meats soldiers call Spam. "Why, it's one of the good things we've got," he said recently before a shocked military audience. "Fried Spam—you can't beat it."

During the Sicilian campaign, Prendiville was in the lines for thirty-eight consecutive days. He thought that this was pretty tough going until his outfit moved on into Italy a few days after the landings at Salerno and spent sixty straight days in action. "Once in a while you could take your shoes off," he says. His unit fought in battle after battle—the close, intimate kind of fighting, with rifles and grenades and bayonets, that only the infantry falls heir to. For two- and three-day periods the platoon would lie on a tiny, cold, wet hill, separated from the enemy only by yards, often not sure whether they were surrounded or had the enemy surrounded or what. As the fighting went on, and the casualties got heavier, the men grew angrier and angrier, and their spirits sometimes sagged when their hardest efforts seemed to get them nowhere. After crossing the Volturno, Prendiville's platoon spent twelve days butting itself against the Germans' winter line; during those twelve days they advanced just one mile. Prendiville had a close shave in this action. "A real jagged piece of shrapnel just missed my neck," he says. "It scraped my helmet. After I turned around and looked at what it had done to a big thick tree behind me, I felt I was lucky to be here."

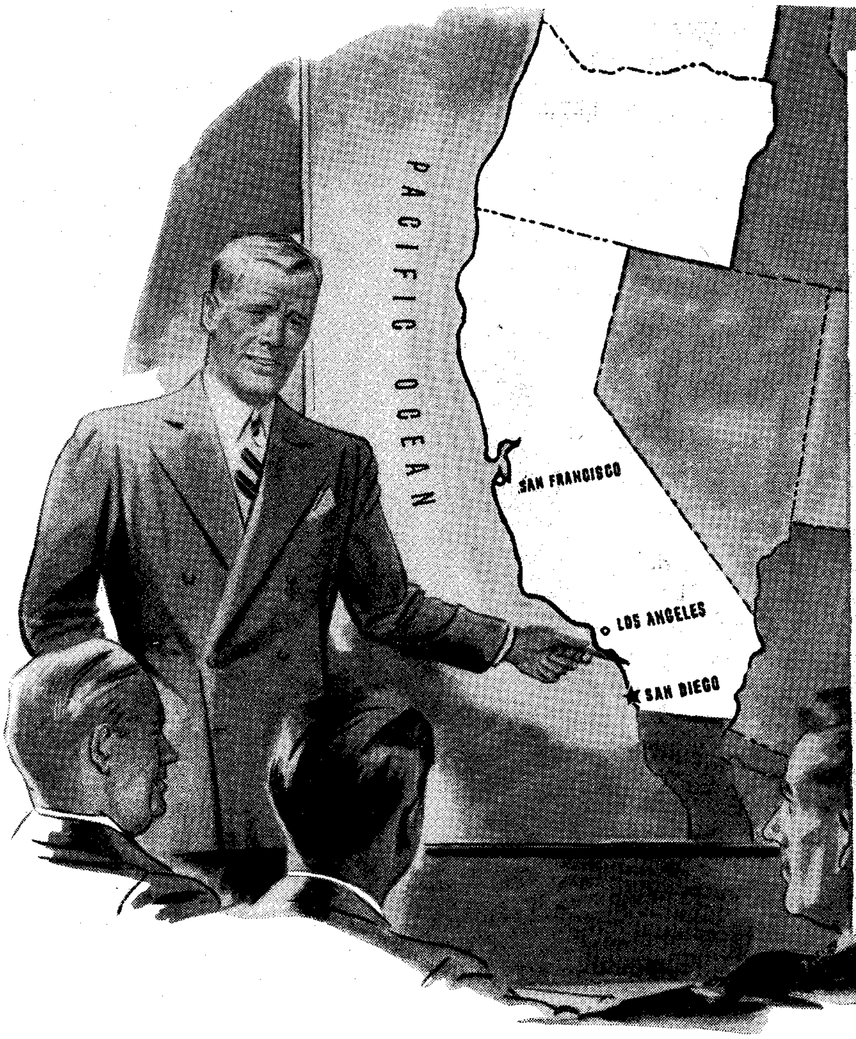


"And now I want to thank you very much."

The platoon took only a few prisoners. "We didn't particularly care about that," Prendiville said recently. "We liked to kill the Jerries. There was a saying in our outfit that you weren't a qualified soldier till you had killed three of them. If you killed five, old dogs would talk to you." Someone asked Prendiville if old dogs would talk to him. "They say hello," he replied. He does not think, unlike some prophets perhaps less qualified to judge, that the soldier-killers of today will be a criminal menace tomorrow. "Postwar crime wave?" he once said indignantly. "That's the biggest baloney I ever heard of. Out there you're fighting for your skin. There's no two ways about it: it's kill or be killed. You take my men back in a rear area, and they're like a bunch of lambs. You take them out front and it's different. They know what they've got to do to live. You'll have some crime after the war, but you'd have it anyway, and it won't be from lads like my platoon. Why, they're the kind of polite gentlemen who would see a lady standing up on a streetcar and would say, 'Lady, take my seat.' "

Prendiville captured only one prisoner himself. "I tricked him into it with one of my boys who spoke the lingo," he says. "During a skirmish, somewhere in the damn hills near the Volturno, I took this fellow on patrol with me, and told him to holler out something in German. A Jerry came up to see what he was hollering about, and I stuck my pistol in his puss and told him to come along."

Prendiville didn't get to the rear very often while he was in Italy, but once he got a three-day pass to Naples. "It was a nice setup there," he says. "You had a cot, plenty of blankets, and good showers. It was O.K., if you could pick up a little of that Italian cognac and keep the women off you." The Sergeant has strong opinions about women who accost soldiers, and thinks that his Regular Army training has helped him fend



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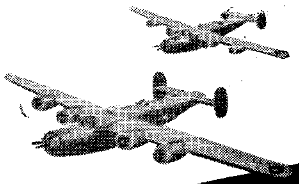

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them off. "The Army teaches you lots of things you won't learn in civilian life," he has said. "For one thing, you learn to watch your women, and not to pick up every little bushwhacker that comes along. For another, you learn to respect money, because you don't have a lot while you're in." Prendiville learned enough to save fourteen hundred dollars out of his pay during his eighteen months abroad. His overseas purchases were modest: he bought some embroidered tablecloths for the girl he has since married and a brass Neapolitan ring for himself. He spent most of his time off sightseeing. "I like to see old places," he says, "like old tombs and graveyards and monasteries like the one they blew up at Cassino, and stuff like that. I really enjoyed visiting Pompeii."

He also enjoyed the reception he got in Naples. "Nowadays," he says, "you go back there, and other places behind the lines, and they see you're an infantryman, and you're really respected. Before that the old doughboy didn't get much credit. He's the man who suffers not only from the enemy but from living conditions, too. He has to carry what he can and live on it. The hard part about being an infantryman in combat is that you have to take everything—bombing, strafing, artillery, small arms. The chances are that you'll be fighting on rough terrain and that you've got to get there over a single-file mountain trail. If you're wounded, you have to be lugged back for miles. And all the while on his way to the front, the doughboy thinks, 'If I'm hit, my chances aren't too good. They'll have to hand-carry me back.' That kind of thing sometimes makes him feel, 'I'm lucky if I get killed.' "

Prendiville spent only seven days in the Anzio sector, but it was a long, full week, during which he was almost always under fire. "It was better fighting there," he later told a friend. "You mean 'bitter'?" the friend asked. "Both," said Prendiville. "It was better because we kept moving. You feel better when you move, because there's more life to it. If you keep a soldier under constant artillery fire, not doing anything, he'll crack. At Anzio, though, we were always fighting. If the Germans weren't counterattacking, we were. The best battle I ever had was up there—the one time I outfoxed the Germans." His elation over his success as a tactician is the result of the way he handled an assignment along the Mussolini Canal, at Nettuno. There were eight bridges across the canal, several hundred yards apart, and Prendiville's platoon, which he was then leading, was ordered to hold two of them against the enemy. He took his platoon past a few roving German tanks, got to the bridges, and had his men place mines and demolition charges on them, to be set off as a last resort. That was in the afternoon. Toward evening he saw some Germans organizing a thousand yards away, so he got set for a night attack. Leaving one man at each bridge to watch the explosives, he ordered the rest of the platoon to take cover a couple of hundred yards back of the bridges, where they waited for the Germans to move. At two the next morning, the Germans moved—from three directions. "It was just as I figured," Prendiville says with satisfaction. "We were set for them. When the Jerries closed in, we opened up, and there was a big hullaballoo. We gave them everything we had and drove them back, and we didn't have to blow up the bridges. That was one time we beat the master at his own game." Not long after this triumph, Prendiville received his orders to head home. He was not terribly sorry to go. He had given up his chance of a commission to stay with his platoon, but of the men who had sailed with him across the Atlantic, only two were still on duty. The rest were replacements. "The platoon I knew wasn't there," he says.

One of the men he hated to leave was his best friend, Staff Sergeant Arthur Heineman, a regular of six and a half years' standing who was his company's supply sergeant. "I got to know him so damn well," Prendiville says, "that I even knew everything about his home town—Pender, Nebraska—though I've never seen it. He was a supply sergeant in a rifle company and classified as a non-combatant, but he was all the time at the front bringing you things—just about anything you wanted. He and I talked about reunions all the time. We have one planned in Pender, if he ever gets back. This Pender is one of these small towns, a little place, you know, where everybody knows everybody else. That's the kind of a place a fellow really wants to get back to. Going back to Frisco doesn't mean a thing. When a fellow goes back to a little town, where everybody knows him, he's really got something."

At present, Prendiville is assigned to the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Roberts, California, as an instructor. Now that he has been in combat, he thinks our new Army is all right. "Selectees stand up good in battle," he says. "You can't beat the guys I've seen, and I've seen quite a few." He hopes that Selective Service will become a permanent part of our educational system. If it does, he will probably be one of the faculty. His determination to stay in the postwar Army is somewhat dampened, however, by a suspicion that it might be like the other postwar Army he knew. "I wonder if they'll forget us again," he says, "and how much they'll cut the Army down, and how much they'll lower our pay. I hope they don't. If they do, another little Hitler will sneak up someplace." He has a strong personal distaste for Hitler, and once, describing a crony with a monumental hangover, said that he was sure the fellow felt like Hitler, about as head-splitting a figure of speech as he could devise. Like most regulars, he has never been much interested in politics, and he has never thought about voting since he enlisted. He shares the earnest hope of most old Army men that the war will be quickly and fully won. "Soldiers like me, we have nothing to worry about," he says. "It's not tough on us; it's tough on the kids and on the mothers and fathers. I want to see the damn war end for the sake of everyone who's going to get hurt if it doesn't."

—GEORGE WOODWARD

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"Concentrate during meditation at least four times daily, upon developing your endocrine glands (as conductors, diffusers, transformers),—to receive the benefits of the miracles capable of being performed by the cosmic rays," say H. V. Broenstrup (1766 Penn Ave., Washington, D.C.) in a recent "Draft Dewey for President" letter.—*New York Spiritualist Leader.*

There's more to a Republican than meets the eye.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Washington Post*]

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. (AP). Two girl sun bathers stretched out on the sand watched idly as a blimp flew over. They leaped up in excitement as the craft dipped low and its crew waved and dropped a note attached to a parachute improvised from two paper cups.

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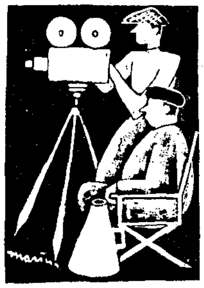
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wilde and Others at War



CLEARLY most makers of films today have no more intention of releasing a picture without a war background than they have of appearing at the Brown Derby at high noon with their pants off. But there are two distinct kinds of war picture: (1) that which owes its existence to the war, and (2) that which would have been made anyway. The members of (2) possess certain distinguishing marks of quality, effort, casting, and attitude, such as may also be found in comic strips like "Mickey Finn" and "Joe Palooka." The war is there, because of vague commitments to topicality, but nothing would change if it went away. "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton, Margaret O'Brien, and Robert Young, is a (2) job, in spite of the fact that a platoon of United States Army Rangers deploys all over the screen, billeting in an English castle, making a cross-Channel raid, and playing tag with a parachute mine. The picture's real flavor is concentrated in Mr. Laughton, as a family haunt dating back to 1603, and Miss O'Brien, whose stock child rôle dates back to Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mr. Laughton is pretty funny, too, when he stomps through the family portrait gallery upbraiding his relatives for the congenital cowardice which has kept him out of his grave for three hundred and forty years—the relative who swooned at Waterloo, the one who ran out on duels, the one who charged the wrong way at Balaclava. The tale was originally Oscar Wilde's, and while I don't believe the film writers have done much more than tip their hats to Oscar as they passed by, their work remains closer to his period in vintage and spirit than to World War II. As for the Rangers, Rangers don't sing "Gertie from Bizerte." It's a phony.

"TWO SOLDIERS," made in Tashkent, Russia, by the Artkino company, would persuade the most reluctant tycoon or chamber-of-commerce president, if you could get him to take a look at it, that the Soviets are in sympathy with the American way of life. Or, at least, with the Hollywood way of life, which is said to have been suggested by our way. This is a Hollywood picture, aimed for the slot just south of A and north of B, with a Hollywood story, Hollywood gags, and a message that Will Hays' grandmother would have been proud to embroider on scrim for framing. If it seems fresher than might be expected of these ingredients, it's probably because the actors and the director are too new at the formula to be slick. They do their chores very simply and sincerely, as though they thought the story might have come from life instead of a writers' conference. Perhaps most standard Hollywood picture situations are truer than we think, and suffer in the screening from the wary skepticism of the players.

The story in "Two Soldiers" is the one about the buddies in arms who quarrel constantly but would go to hell for each other. At the point where one of them, after saving the other's life at the risk of his own, says to a third party, "Don't tell that so-and-so who it was that helped him," you know you've been here before. The Hollywood effect is further promoted by songs sung on cue by one of the soldiers, Mark Bernes—a good actor but a little too competent with his throat and guitar to sound absolutely natural in a cold, shell-battered dugout on the Leningrad front of 1941, the "front at the end of the trolley line." They are good songs, however, and the scenes between them are well and unaffectedly played. A correspondent of *Red Star*, Eugene Gabrilovich, wrote the latter. There are English subtitles, but you would recognize the moves without them.

BASING "Janie" on the stage comedy of the same name of a couple of seasons ago, Warner Brothers have fashioned it over into a special layer of purgatory, not mentioned by Dante, wherein actors (Robert Benchley, Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, Joyce Reynolds) writhe in the grip of this summer's most deadly and viscid dialogue. The picture has a war background.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

WILL THE D.A.R. who took my good blue umbrella at the Linen Shower, June 14th return it? And receive the old torn black silk one. No reward. Everyone knows her own umbrella. Ethel Roads Garrett.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Republican.*

Just as every revolution knows its own daughters.

OF ALL THINGS

Dr. Goebbels has told the Germans that they must endure new hardships and deprivations. In return, he has promised to share all his good news with them, if he ever gets any.

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The Allied advance in Normandy may soon force the Germans to withdraw to the Seine. Perhaps that river will turn out to be the stream that the Democrats say we mustn't change horses in the middle of.

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Japan's new premier, Koiso, promises not to molest the Soviet Union. It is likely, however, that this statement will be received with considerably more relief at home than abroad.

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The behavior of Argentina is more puzzling than ever. Nobody can figure out why the Buenos Aires government is so determined to be on the losing side of the war.

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It appears that Congress may relax the rule which prohibits sending reading matter of a political nature to the armed forces. The nation's legislators have apparently discovered that the Atlantic Charter does not call for freedom from information.

•

Dewey has done some farm work and some golfing for the photographers, but he hasn't done any fishing. How long will he be permitted to continue to deviate from the American way of life?

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Bricker announces that the G.O.P. campaign will start the first of September and that no part of the country will be neglected. We gather from his remarks that the Republican standard bearers do not intend to sit around as though they were a couple of tired old Democrats.

•

There seems to be no end to the literature dealing with the problem of Germany. The way things are going, the Allies will probably finish off the Reich quite some time before the reading public can finish off the books about what to do with it.

•

German newspapers have adopted the policy of ignoring events on the Eastern front. Like the *Times*, they are giving their public only the news that's fit to print. —Howard Brubaker

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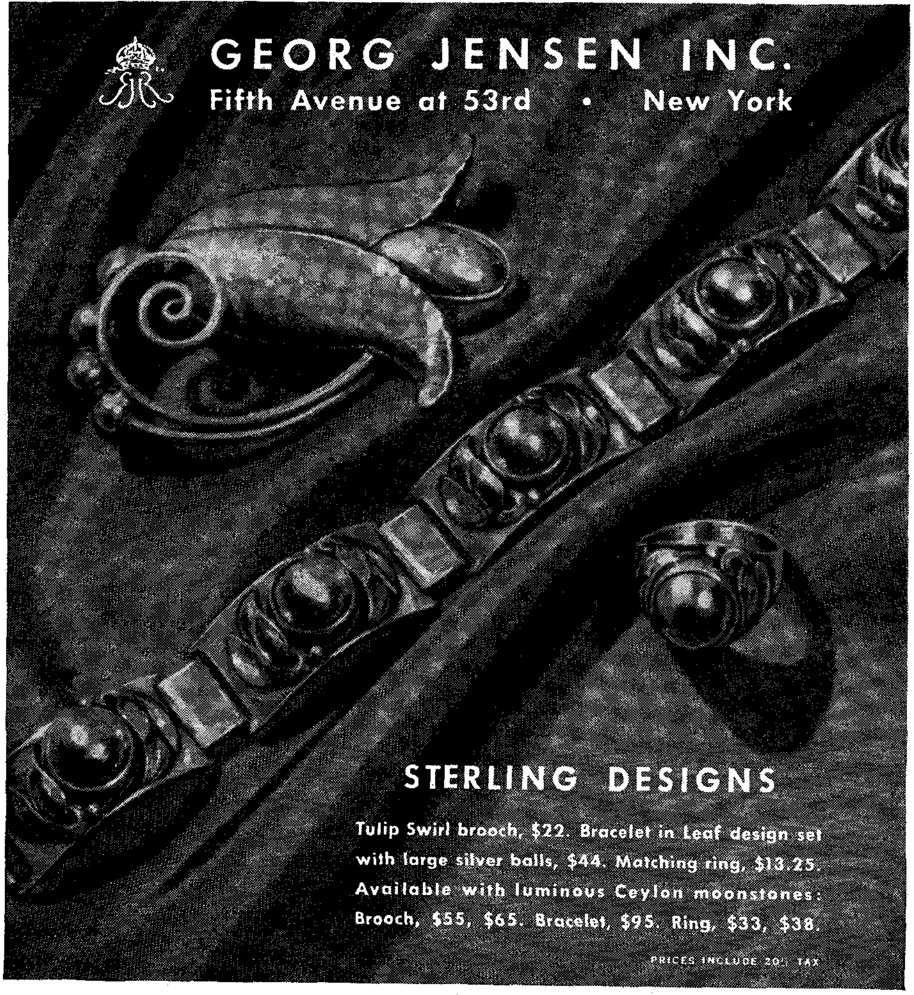

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE YELLOW FLOUR

IT doesn't take more than one brief look to see how the war has affected San Pietro, Cisterna, Terracina, or any of the other towns which had the ill luck to lie along the main highways followed by the Allies in their arduous Italian campaign. The bombs and shells crumpled the houses and shops, set disease loose, killed or wounded a number of townspeople, and drove a few of them insane. The impact of the war on these towns has been quick and violent. Even if the inhabitants decide to rebuild their towns, the marks of battle may be visible for years; if they decide to take up life elsewhere, they will leave behind them twentieth-century ruins that may remain for generations. There are, however, Italian towns in which no fighting has taken place and which look just as they always have. Letino, a mountain village in the province of Campobasso, is such a place. Since the third century before Christ, its dwellings have stood along the slopes of a mountain deep in the Matese range. There, thirty-six hundred feet above sea level, people have kept to their agricultural life and tried to have as little as possible to do with the rest of the world. Their isolationist tradition runs deep and they are remarkably clannish. The citizens of Letino detest their nearest neighbors, the citizens of Gallo, three miles away on the road down to the plains. The reasons, all of which are considered excellent by the Letinese, are many. To begin with, Gallo was settled by Bulgars; Letino, on the other hand, owes its development largely to the Greeks. Besides, Gallo is a thousand feet lower. Moreover, the Gallese can't grow potatoes in their soil and must come to Letino for their supply. There are any number of other charges of which Gallo has been found guilty.

I first heard of Letino while I was billeted with a Canadian Army field detachment near Venafro. A lieutenant had been sent out in a jeep one morning to find more space for their bivouac. When he returned, much later than he was expected, he announced that he hadn't found what he was looking for but had found something else. "All I did was discover Shangri-La," he said modestly. In the course of his mission, he explained, he had misread his map and become so sore about it that, having got on the wrong road, he had ordered his driver to stay on it and find out where the damn thing led to. The two men had gone winding up into the Matese Mountains. A short distance past Gallo, the mountains suddenly closed in on the valley the jeep was ascending. Pushing on, the soldiers soon came to Letino, at the end of the valley and the end of the road. "It was a most unusual spot," the lieutenant said. "They seem to be living in another time." He said he had learned that the Greeks, during their expansionist period, had occupied the town for two hundred and fifty years. The inhabitants were of Italian stock, but the women still wore Greek costumes. Their clothes, from headdress down to stockings, were in three colors: red for married women, green for single girls, and black for widows. "I'm really not sure if they know up there that a war is going on," he said. I decided that I'd like to run up to Letino myself to see what it *did* know. The next morning, the Canadians let me have a jeep and the driver who knew the way, and I set out for the village.

IT took an hour's driving up a bumpy dirt road to reach the dead end at which Letino lay. I got out of the jeep, thanked the driver, and walked up the town's single street. It was narrow and cobblestoned, and it slanted up the mountainside to the summit. There, I discovered later on, the town's cemetery was laid out around the ruins of a thirteenth-century castle. The low stone houses that lined the street were obviously extremely old. On their fronts were dark weather splotches. There was no one on the street. I was just beginning to think that the town was deserted when, after I had walked a hundred feet or so, the row of houses on my left came to an end and the street widened into a plaza no bigger than a back yard in the East Seventies, and I saw, sitting on the steps of a small church, a dozen women carding wool, a couple of them holding infants in their laps, and others watching some older children play. Most of the women wore brilliant red skirts, two of them wore green ones, and two others, a very old woman and a young girl, were dressed in black. On one side of the plaza, eight middle-aged men were playing *pezzucchi*, a form of lawn bowling, in front of a combination tailor shop and general store. The wooden balls they were using rolled erratically over the uneven cobbles. The men seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. They played together a half hour or so almost every day, I found out later. It was a gay, bright spot, and the thin mountain air smelled sweet.

My appearance, of course, was an event. The women stopped chattering and stared at me. The men halted their game long enough to smile and wave. The children came running toward me and, before I knew it, I was surrounded by about forty of them. Anywhere else in Italy all of them would probably have shouted, "*Caramelle!*" Here only one, a little girl with braided black hair, came up to me and asked, shyly, for candy. Most of the other children laughed self-consciously, and two of them reached forward and pulled her back. One of the women sitting on the church steps called out shrilly, "Popolizio, *chiamate* Popolizio!" Half a dozen children ran into the shop

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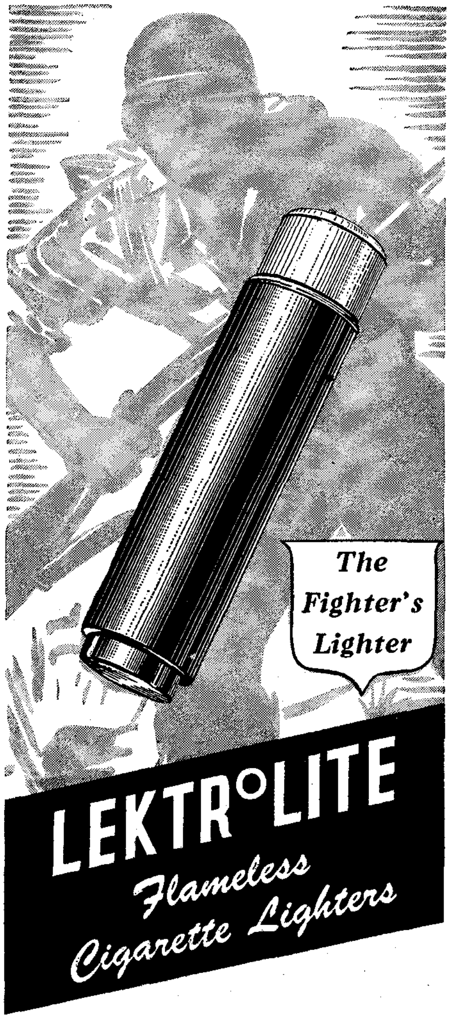

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and led a short man in his thirties, dressed in a loosely hanging G.I. uniform, toward me. When he reached me, he clicked his heels, saluted, and said, “Antonio Popolizio, American citizen.” He put his hand into a pocket and pulled out an American passport, which he gave me. He was the village miller, he said. He had been born in the States and had been brought to Italy when he was still an infant. In 1929 he had returned and spent seven years there, half of them as a truck driver on a C.C.C. project in Schenectady. Except for the fact that his clothes and curly black hair were powdered with the flour he had been grinding, he was the Italian that Chico Marx has always been trying to look like, but his English sounded more like Jimmy Durante's. I told him I had come up to find out something about Letino, and he said he would be glad to tell me what he could but that he knew someone who could help me much more. “Dis guy and his wife is educated,” Popolizio said. “Dis guy is a doctor. He studied in college. He lives with his wife and two boys not far away. Dis guy and his wife both speak English, too.”

We walked to the doctor's residence, an old stone house a short distance below the square. Popolizio banged on the door as though he had a case of acute appendicitis. It was opened by a stooped man of about fifty with reddish-brown hair. “Dr. Emilio Pitucco,” Popolizio said, as he introduced us. The Doctor shook hands enthusiastically. “Come sit on the balcony,” he said. “It is cooler than in the house.” He led us through a large living room and onto the balcony, which was actually a small terrace with a wrought-iron railing. From it we could see the valley and the surrounding mountains. It was a magnificent view, and I said so. “I will be ready to die when I grow tired of it,” Dr. Pitucco said.

He held out his arm to the southeast. “Monte Ianara, sixteen hundred metres high,” he said. “Beyond it lies the city of Piedimonte d'Alife. To the east, Monte Miletto, two thousand and fifty metres high, always with snow on it. To the south, Monte Cappello, thirteen hundred and seventy-five metres. And below, our fields.” The village farmland was perhaps a mile in length and half as wide. Every bit of it was under cultivation. The intensely green fields swept upward from the valley floor to the gray, rocky barrenness of the Matese. I could see a man and the red skirts of six women moving through a patch where they were planting something. “My mill,” Popolizio said, pointing to a low white wooden building to the east of the fields. “See de river? I get my power dere. It's full of trout.”

“The Greeks called the river the Lethos,” the Doctor said. “It means ‘oblivion’ in their language. Now it is known as the Lete. The river disappears into the mountains not far beyond the mill. That's where the oblivion begins. When it gets out of the mountains, it flows into the Volturno.”

An extremely handsome woman joined us on the balcony. “My wife, Luisa,” the Doctor said. She was taller and much younger than her husband. She had a long, V-shaped face, an olive complexion, jet-black hair and eyes, and a full, rather musical voice. “Emilio,” she said, “there are chairs here. Ask the visitors to sit down. I will make coffee at once.” I asked her not to bother, and explained why I'd come up to Letino. She laughed. “Why, of *course* the war has come to us,” she said as she walked away. “It began with the yellow flour. But why can't we have coffee?”

In a little while she returned with a pot of coffee and four globular glasses with beaten egg yolk in them. I was a little surprised when she poured the coffee into the glasses. “Drink it,” she said, handing me a glass. “It is very good. We call it *uova battute col caffè*. Two egg yolks whipped with sugar, and then the coffee.” It had a nice texture and flavor. “Tell him what he wants to know,” Signora Pitucco said to her husband, almost as if she, too, was eager to hear what he had to say.

“IT is a healthy village,” Dr. Pitucco began. “Mostly I deliver babies. There are colds and backaches, too. A few weeks ago, Anna Chiodi died. She was ninety-nine. It is common for people of eighty here to have their teeth. That man working in the wheat field below is eighty-five. The Matese air is pure and the people go to sleep soon after supper. They sleep well and long and by seven-thirty next morning they are in the fields. There are only six men here who do not farm—the shoemaker, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the tailor, who is also the general storekeeper, Popolizio, and myself. We grow potatoes and wheat. Our cheese and milk come from our goats and cows. We get our wood from the mountains. Most of our meat we get from our pigs and goats. We hunt gray partridge and rabbits in the mountains. We are lacking in wine and olive oil and soap, and sometimes in tools for our farming. We use money here, but mostly we exchange goods. Before the war a pig was worth ten kilos of flour; for seventy eggs one would receive five kilos of sugar. We have no bank here."

"There are two policemen," Signora Pitucco broke in. "Pasquale del Giudice and Luigi Tomasone. They are both farmers as well as policemen. Neither has ever arrested anyone and each thinks he is the police chief."

"Most families own their own land," the Doctor said. "It is nearly always inherited by the sons. Some sons, when the father is still able to work hard, get married and then go to the United States or Canada for six, seven years to make money. They send it back to their wives. The wife cannot touch the money. She must work while the husband is away. The men always return, and when they do they join their money with the land by buying sheep and cows and whatever is needed."

"I got de electric generator for my father's mill de same way," Popolizio said.

The village pasturage, Dr. Pitucco told me, is common property and so is its electric-power plant. "The richest man is Michele Vaccaro," the Doctor said. "He owns sixty sheep, eight cows, and twenty-five hectares of land. The rest of us have less, but enough. Those who do not always have what they need are remembered." He explained that the mayor of Letino levied taxes, such as six lire for a sheep, twenty for a mule, thirty for a cow, and four on a light bulb. "Half of what I earn comes from this money," Dr. Pitucco said. "The other half comes from those who can pay me themselves." Tax money is also used to buy half the Doctor's medicines, to pay the two policemen, and to fix the road. After every harvest, before the surplus crop is bartered in the lowlands, a check is made to see if any of the villagers are short of food; if they are, part of the surplus is given to them.

"It is only fitting," the Doctor said. "With the children, of which there are many, we are only thirteen hundred. Most of us are related. There are seven main names among us—Orsi, Tomasone, Fortini, di Cecco, Saccone, Mancini, and my own. Besides, it snows six months a year and often the snow is two metres deep, and the people have the time to visit each other then. It would be impossible for people not to feel friendly toward one another. At

"Ever since I got this job, my husband sleeps all day!"

1. What a change war can make! My Albert, for instance. Used to be "white collar." You know, 8:25 to town, 5:15 home. NOW he's heading up the NIGHT SHIFT in a war plant! And me, *I'm* war-working, too!

2. Maybe you don't think *my* job helps the War? It does! Our government says so!* Well, while I worked days, Albert was supposed to sleep—so *he* could work *nights*. But not Albert! Because . . .

3. He loves coffee so much he's always sneaking a cup, even though the caffein in it keeps him awake. I worried. Then I got this job and found the answer . . . when a customer ordered Sanka Coffee.

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5. Well, Albert drank *two* cups. Next day he snoozed like a pussy. That night: "Honey," he said, "you're terrific! Managing a husband and a war job, too!" So honey works, hubby sleeps, and everything's swell!

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38 minutes after the official announcement of the arrival of the Brazilian Expeditionary Force in Italy, CBS shortwave beamed to Brazil the voice of a Brazilian newspaperman interviewing Brazilian troops:

Sunday, July 16, 1 p.m. (Italian time): Contingents of Brazilian troops dock at Naples. They are interviewed by a Brazilian correspondent and an on-the-spot recording is made of the interview.

Tuesday, July 18, 11:30 a.m. EWT: Announcements of the arrival of Brazilian troops are made simultaneously in Rio de Janeiro, Washington and Rome.

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At 11:37 Burdett broadcasts the original recording from Rome, and it is "taken down" in New York.

At 12 noon a regular CBS shortwave news program is beamed to Brazil.

At 12:03 a breathless messenger arrives from CRC with the record.

At 12:08 it is dovetailed into the news program. Brazilian mothers and fathers hear their sons talking in sunny Italy; hear an American military band playing the *Beer Barrel Polka* and *The Monkey Wound His Tail Around the Flagpole* in lieu of the Brazilian national anthem which somewhere got lost in the shuffle; hear American GI's and liberated Italians cheering the arrival of their new Latin-American allies.

If you were one of those parents you'd be mighty pleased to hear your son's voice 38 minutes after he arrived in Italy. Pleased, too, that the free radio of a friendly neighbor made it possible.

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that time, too, many of the men take the cattle down to pasturage in the lowlands around Capriati and Venafro. They build themselves straw huts there and see to it that the cattle are fed and do not freeze. They also trade our crops for what we need."

"We learned from these men that the war was coming," Signora Pitucco said.

"Yes," her husband said. "Every two weeks a few of them come back from the lowlands for provisions. From them we find out how our crops are selling and how the cattle are, and what is happening in the large towns. But in 1939—the pasturage was near Capriati that year—when they came back, they talked of only one thing: how motorcycles and guns and trucks full of soldiers were going by on the roads day and night."

"A few months later, in the spring, came the yellow flour," Signora Pitucco said. "It was so foolish, the entire affair." She explained that every year the government had sent Letino a consignment of flour, which was placed on sale in the general store. When the Letinese were unusually busy with their farming, they bought some of it. Ordinarily, however, they turned their own wheat over to Popolizio, who ground it and delivered the flour to the housewives, who baked their own bread. That spring, Signora Pitucco said, the flour sent by the government was yellow. "It was mixed with corn, that's why," she said angrily, as though it had happened yesterday. "How dared they send us inferior flour!" I asked her if, since the townspeople had their own grain, it had made much difference. "No," she said, "but now everybody said they wouldn't even *think* of buying the government flour."

Several weeks after that, the government had informed the villagers that thereafter students and farmers were to be restricted to three hundred and fifty grams of bread daily and that children and those with sedentary jobs were to have one hundred grams less than that. All the grain not used for this bread was to be turned over to the government. Dr. Pitucco nodded reflectively. "We did what we wanted," he said. "Still, the rationing was an impressive formality. Up to then, all we knew of the government was one *impiegato*—civil servant, that is—who would come up once a month in the spring. He didn't like to come. He had a motorcycle and we are high up and the roads are rough. He would say that the Fascist commissioner at Campobasso, the capital of our province, wanted this or that and we would give it to him and he would go away and leave us alone. I remember the first time he came, many years ago. He spoke severely to us. He said that unless one were a Fascist one would eventually not be able to work for a living in Italy. He puzzled us. We knew we would always go on farming. We had been farming long before this *impiegato* was born. We never knew if we were Fascists or anti-Fascists or perhaps something else."

I asked Dr. Pitucco how well the government's rationing order had been observed.

"To begin with," he replied, "we told the *impiegato* not to expect too much grain from us because here in the mountains the soil is rocky."

"Only we didn't tell him how hard we work," Popolizio said.

"The people filled out the slips wrong," Dr. Pitucco said. "If someone put down he had ten *quintali*, then he had fifteen."

"During the day," Signora Pitucco said, "Antonio here ground the flour that the *impiegato* knew about. At night he made the flour that we knew about."

"In charge of all this," Dr. Pitucco said, "was the secretary of the mayor of Letino. The Fascist commissioner at Campobasso appointed him."

I asked if the secretary had caught anyone evading the regulations. Signora Pitucco laughed and the two men smiled broadly.

"The secretary of the mayor," Dr. Pitucco said, "was my father."

TOWARD the end of 1940, the effect of the war on Letino began to go beyond the hardships of yellow flour that no one bought and rationing regulations that everyone evaded. The town was severely hit by conscription. The classes from 1917 through 1920 were called up, and the younger boys already undergoing compulsory military service were told that they would not be released at the end of their two-year term. Dr. Pitucco seemed to feel that there was something especially impertinent about conscripting Letinese. He explained that before the war the youngsters of the town always served their time in the Army but had regarded the training as more or less of a lark. A few of them had fought in Abyssinia, but none had been killed or wounded. Most of them had trained in Libya and had enjoyed their adventures. "When they

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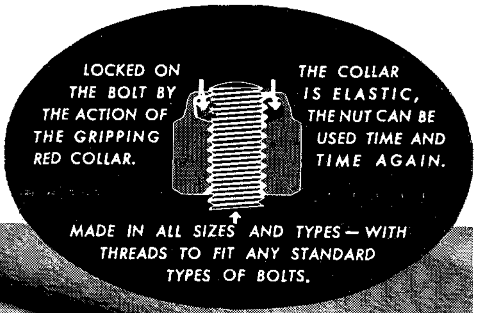
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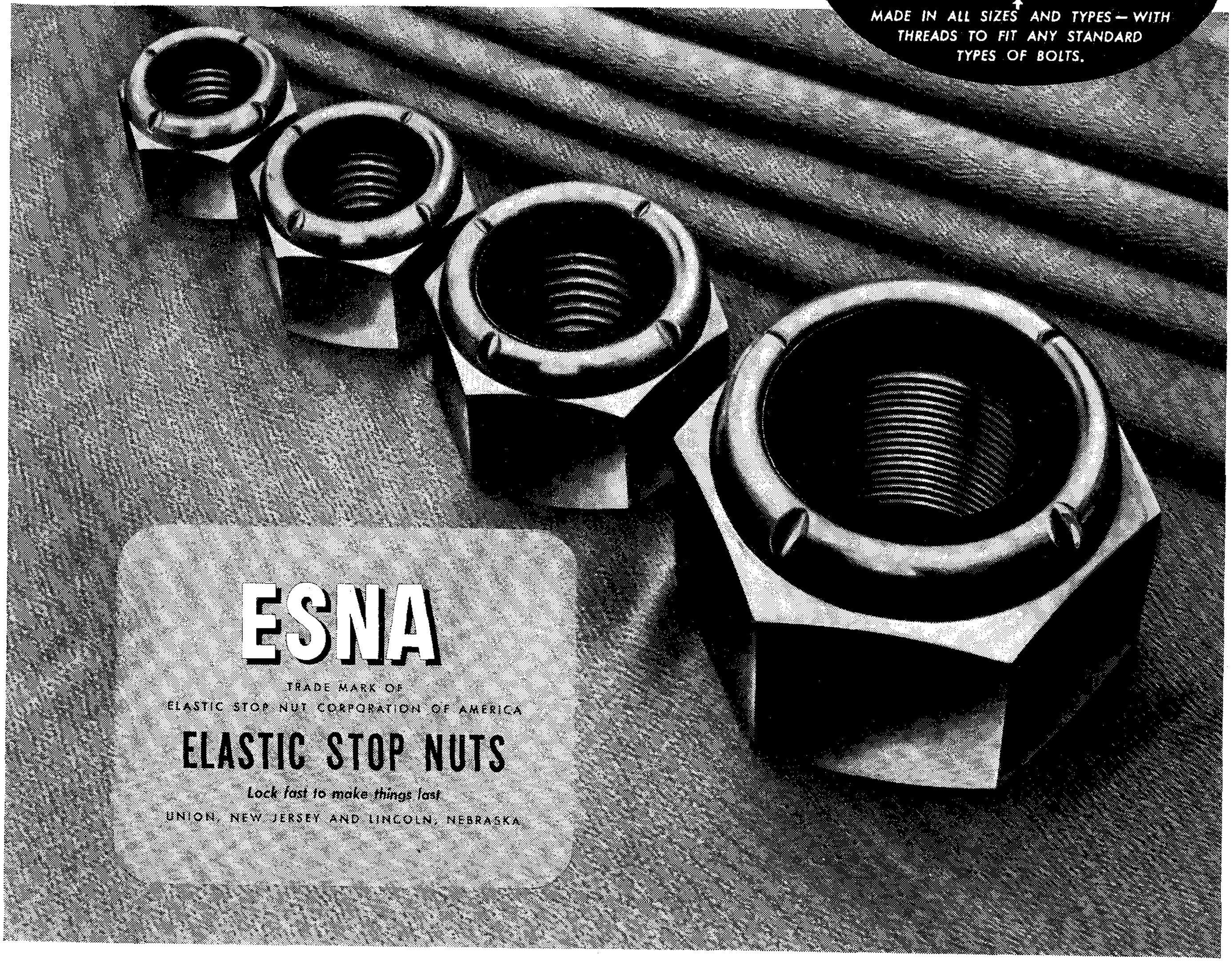
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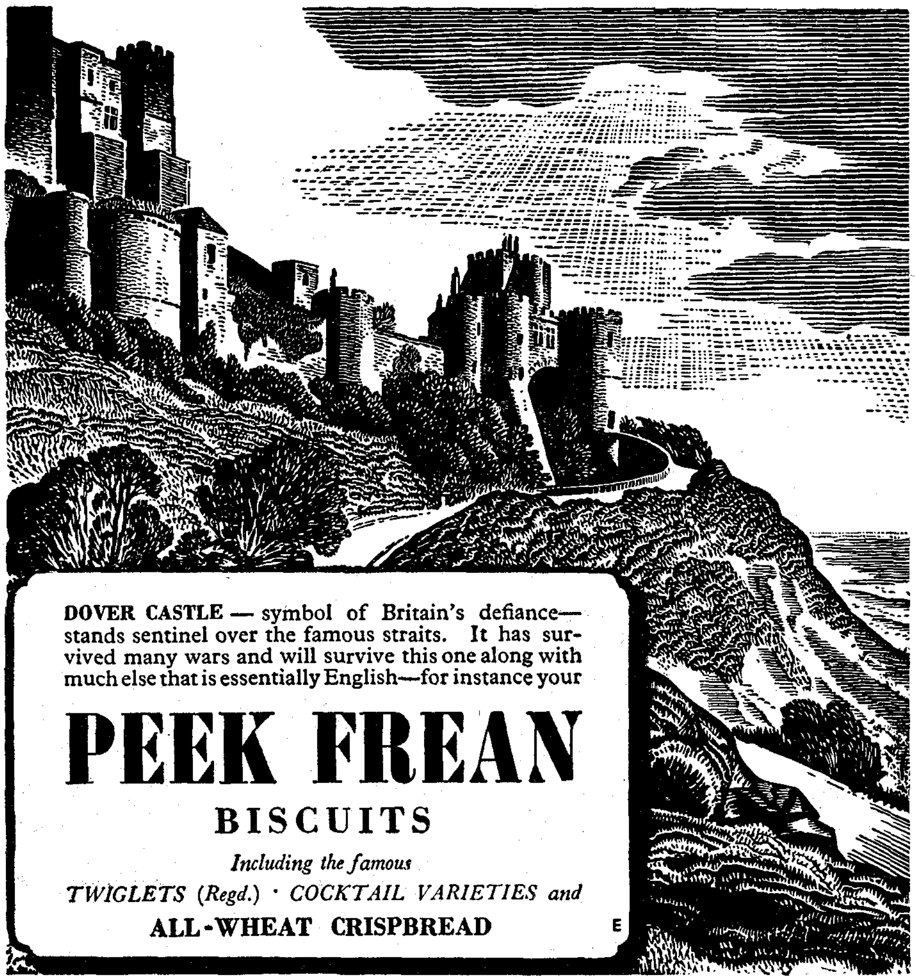

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came back," Signora Pitucco said, "they would tell what they saw far away from Letino over and over again. The only man in Letino who has not married is a young farmer whom the Army would not accept. He was regarded as an undesirable husband because he never had any stories to tell."

This time, Dr. Pitucco said, the men's departure was not taken lightly. "Too many of them were leaving. We didn't know how long they would be gone and we didn't know when those who were already with the Army would come back."

"We lost Ottavio Cristino that year," Signora Pitucco said. "A very intelligent boy. People had talked of sending him to the University at Naples. That autumn the old men and very young boys took the cattle to the winter pasturage. Their news from the lowlands was not interesting. The old men only complained of their backaches and the young boys talked about nothing but the war."

Next year the government ordered the classes from 1916 through 1907 to report to the Army, and seventy of Letino's older farmers went off. Some of the men, Dr. Pitucco said, discussed hiding in the mountains, but they did nothing about it because they knew that the Army would retaliate by punishing their families.

In the spring of 1942, word came to the village that five of its men had been killed in action. "In Libya, too—where the boys used to like to go in peacetime," Signora Pitucco said. Twenty other Letinese soldiers had been captured and sent to prison camps in Kenya Colony and Canada. "That was a very hard year," the Doctor said. "People began to sell some of their sheep and cows. There were not enough men left to take care of all the cattle. The crops were less, too." He shrugged. "But whatever was happening, we were alone. There were still no outsiders in Letino."

By the middle of 1943, the drone of Allied airplanes could be heard occasionally in the valley. Once, Dr. Pitucco said, they flew directly over it. In September came the Italian capitulation. Thousands of soldiers tramped through the countryside in all directions, trying to get to their homes. "They reached the towns below," Signora Pitucco said. "Many of us went down to look at them and see if any were ours. None of them were. It was foolish of us. Our men would know the way to Letino well."

"No, none of our boys came here,"

Dr. Pitucco said. "Only the South Africans. Antonio, tell about them."

Late in September, it seemed, around nine in the morning, six worn-out, hungry men appeared at the mill. They were British airmen who had escaped from a German prison camp in the Abruzzi. Popolizio took them to his home, fed them, and gave them blankets. Then he led them to a hut in the woods where they could hide. After that he went back to Letino to consult with his friends. "Dere was a big argument," Popolizio said. "Some guys say I do right and others say I'm crazy, I'm going to get Letino in trouble."

"We didn't know what to think," Dr. Pitucco remarked. "These men were strangers."

"Den I tell everybody dese fellers is hungry," Popolizio continued. "Everybody says, 'Feed dem and get dem de hell outa here to where dey belong.'" Popolizio took care of them for four days. They stayed in the hut by day and came to his house at night. Popolizio went to Venafro, and found out where the Allied armies were. He returned and led the airmen through German lines, delivering them, after two days and nights, into American hands at Benevento, eighty kilometres to the southeast. "I got dese clothes from dere," Popolizio said, indicating his G.I. uniform. "Dey gave me cigarettes and dis, too, to get back wid." He pulled a torn piece of paper out of his shirt pocket. It read, "The bearer of this note, Antonio Popolizio, is an American citizen and we would deem it a great honour if you would give him any immediate assistance you can." The six soldiers' signatures, ranks, and serial numbers followed. They were all South Africans except a lance bombardier from Tunbridge Wells, in Kent.

NO one spoke for a moment after Popolizio had finished. Then the Doctor suddenly got up, went into the house, and came back with a map of the region surrounding the valley. "Tell me," he said, handing me the map, "why, last October, would the Americans want to come over the mountains to here?" The Americans, I recalled, were then in the Piedimonte d'Alife region and were trying to push on to Isernia, an important road junction, which would enable the Allied armies to regroup their forces for an offensive against Cassino. I could see on the map that the Americans, by coming over the mountains in a straight line instead of using the highway, could have cut the distance to Isernia al-

...and she thought she was hard to photograph

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most in half. I said as much to Dr. Pitucco. "I have asked you a very important question," he said. "Now I know what the Germans feared when they came here. It was on October eighteenth."

At three o'clock on the morning of that day, the Doctor said, the town was startled out of its sleep by the roar of motorcycles and armored cars. There were sixty soldiers in the detachment. They parked their vehicles at the end of the road and then walked into the village—its first invaders, Dr. Pitucco said, since 1125, when a neighboring mountain settlement had made war on Letino. The Germans billeted themselves in a number of houses. "My wife, our two sons, and I spent the early hours of the morning packing. We did not want to live among intruders," Dr. Pitucco said. There was no chance of armed resistance; the Italian government had by then requisitioned what hunting rifles the Letinese owned.

Around seven o'clock, the Pituccos, looking out of their windows, saw that their neighbors had also been preparing to leave. Most of the Germans, the Doctor said, had gone up into the mountains to the southeast on patrols. The few Nazis who had stayed behind in the village did not interfere with the inhabitants' exodus. "They told us we could stay or go, as we pleased. Raffaelle Orsi—he is eighty-one—asked the officer in charge if he and his men intended to farm. The officer laughed. Then we left the village."

The villagers banded themselves into groups of twenty-five or more and set off for various places in the mountains. Their herds of mules and donkeys were divided up so that everyone would have a chance to take away at least a part of his possessions. During the early morning hours they had hidden their grain and oil in caves. The trousseaus which Letino mothers work on from the birth of an infant daughter to her wedding day had been buried in boxes in the ground and their bulky feather mattresses had been concealed in haystacks. The men and women carried baskets and sacks of food on their heads; the donkeys and mules bore blankets, pots, and trunks of clothes. The people corralled what goats and sheep they could and drove them ahead of the mule trains. Fortunately, nearly all of the cattle had already been driven off to winter pasturage. Most of the villagers, Dr. Pitucco said, started off for some hills in Benevento Province, where the cattle had been sent that autumn, because there they could join the Letinese herdsmen. Only a few old men, too feeble to travel, remained in the town.

"I can tell you what happened to me," Dr. Pitucco said. "My wife and two boys and I took only my medical equipment, some blankets, some food, and the family clock. We were with forty friends. We went by a mule path to Giuditta Tomasone's house, which lies near some woods below Letino on the other side of this mountain. In all, seventy-seven people stayed with Giuditta. In the room in which we slept, on straw, there were twenty others. Others slept in the kitchen, and some were in the barn with the animals. When our food was used up, Giuditta used up much of the food she had stored for the winter and also killed a calf. We said we would do work for her after the Germans left, but she laughed. She said she would rather we came back when her husband, Filioberto, returned from the Army and then she would give us better food and wine."

Mornings, when nearly all the Germans were known to be on patrol, Dr. Pitucco continued, the young boys went on reconnoitering trips back to Letino, to see what the Germans were doing to the village and, when they could, go to the caches in the caves and bring food to their families. The Germans, they reported, were eating all the chickens and pigs they could find and were doing petty looting, such as stealing a phonograph here and blankets there. They were not, however, planting mines in the village. On one trip, five lads spied a pig which the Germans had killed near Popolizio's mill. The boys made for the pig, with the idea of taking it away with them. A couple of Germans spotted them, and the soldiers opened up with a machine gun and killed all five. The old men who had stayed in the village heard the shots and discovered what had happened. One of them went to the nearest hideout, from which messengers were dispatched to tell the boys' mothers what had happened. The fathers of the dead boys were either in the Army or tending their cattle. The boys' mothers, accompanied by their other children, went to Letino and asked the German commandant if they could bury their boys.

He consented, and the women, watched by a guard, went down to the mill and, with the help of their children, carried their sons up the street that led through the village and buried them in the cemetery.

Two days later, on October 27th, another reconnoitering group discovered that the Letinese no longer had to worry about intruders; the Germans had gone. They raced back to the hideaways and reported the good news. In a few hours the Letinese had returned with their mules and donkeys.

"At two o'clock that afternoon some other outsiders came to Letino," Dr. Pitucco said. Two hundred American soldiers had entered the valley from above the town by following a path around Monte Cappello. This was the reason the smaller enemy force in Letino had withdrawn. It was now in Gallo, where it was trying to dig in. The Americans went down the road, opened fire on the Germans, and then rushed the town. The Germans, leaving fifteen dead in Gallo, retreated down the valley with the Americans in pursuit. "It lasted only an hour," the Doctor said. "Hardly enough time for us to leave again."

"Only Raffaelle Orsi went away," Signora Pitucco said.

"I was uncertain if I wanted to go a second time," Dr. Pitucco said. He raised his hands expressively. "South Africans, Germans, Americans," he said. "We might as well have been in the lowlands." I found myself thinking that even in the Matese Mountains, even in Shangri-La, people were being forced to learn the painful and hopeful lesson of our time: that this is indeed one world. A man in Letino could not have the privilege of ignoring the Fascists in Rome or of making no distinction between South Africans, Germans, and Americans.

SINCE that skirmish, which was soon followed by the Allies' capture of the territory surrounding the valley, the village has seen no more fighting. Its isolation, however, has frequently been violated. Not long after the Allies had taken over the district, a Polish tank unit began training down in the valley. Sometimes the drivers ran their tanks clear to Letino. The sound of their tank treads, Dr. Pitucco said, was harsh. Some French engineers were also below, not far from the Poles. Nearly every day they blew up something or other, and the villagers had had to accustom themselves to the sound of the explosions. Groups of Canadians and

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THESE war-rationed days especially, Americans are discovering a treat known to Europeans for many, many years ...famous de Kuyper Cordials. A de Kuyper Blackberry Cordial after dinner, for example, adds an inexpensive touch of luxury to any menu. And with twelve de Kuyper varieties to choose from, *any* guest's preference can be indulged. What's more, many a host today is learning to his delight that really delicious *mixed drinks* and *cocktails* can be made with these liqueurs.* Made in America for the past ten years exactly as in Holland for centuries. ANNO 1695

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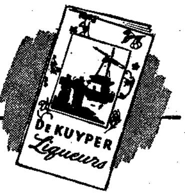
THINK OF de Kuyper



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Americans, stationed near Venafro, began to appear. "We bargain with the soldiers for such strange things now," Signora Pitucco said. "We give them eggs and they give us small boxes with chewing gum and cigarettes and cocoa powder and candy."

As for the village, the Doctor said, it could be in better shape. A hundred and seventy of its men had not yet returned. Fifteen were known to be dead, four were missing in action, and fifty were in prison camps. Some were in the German-held part of Italy. "Two weeks ago," Signora Pitucco said, "Giuditta Tomasone received word of her husband. He is in India—a prisoner."

"If only the men were here to work," Dr. Pitucco said, "we would not have to keep selling our cattle. People who used to have thirty sheep now have two, those who had ten cows now can take care of only one."

"And the girls," Signora Pitucco added apprehensively. "Only four marriages in the last five years. There used to be twenty a year."

"Dey'll be too old to get married when de men get back," Popolizio said.

"Ah, no," Signora Pitucco replied, smiling. "So many of the men will be coming back at the same time, they'll have to take what they can get." The three of them laughed.

A red-skirted woman leading a donkey was coming up the road toward the village. A little green-skirted girl was seated on the animal. "The sheep, the crops, the marriages are hard," Dr. Pitucco said, "but they are not impossible to solve. Yet I wonder what the men will think of the village when they return. The children did not beg for *caramèlle* when they left."

"I think I go to America," Popolizio said. "It's noisy, but it's supposed to be noisy."

The woman on the road stopped her donkey and leaned against him for a moment. Then, apparently refreshed, she started up the road again. Dr. Pitucco turned to the miller and looked at him thoughtfully. "I think I shall stay," he said. —DANIEL LANG

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Sailor to girl at U.S.O. dance: "Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number."—*From "Picturesque Speech and Patter" in the Reader's Digest, July, 1944, credited to "Telephone Topics."*

"Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number."—*Cartoon caption in The New Yorker, Oct. 21, 1939.*

COLLOQUY

THE doctor was competent-looking and, judging by the framed letter from Rear Admiral Byrd on the wall of his consultation room, respectable. Mrs. Arnold felt comforted by his appearance and her agitation lessened. She knew that he had noticed her hand shaking when she leaned forward for him to light her cigarette, and she smiled apologetically and clasped her pocketbook in her lap.

"You seem to be upset," he said.

"I'm very much upset," Mrs. Arnold said. She tried to talk slowly and intelligently. "That's one reason I came to you instead of going to Doctor Murphy—our regular doctor, that is."

The doctor frowned slightly.

"My husband," Mrs. Arnold went on. "I don't want him to know that I'm worried, and Doctor Murphy would probably feel it was necessary to tell him."

The doctor nodded, not committing himself. "What seems to be the trouble?"

Mrs. Arnold took a deep breath. "Doctor," she said, "how do people tell if they're going crazy?"

The doctor looked up.

"Isn't that silly!" Mrs. Arnold said. "I hadn't meant to say it like that. It's hard enough to explain anyway, without making it so dramatic."

"Insanity is more complicated than you may think," the doctor said.

"I *know* it's complicated," Mrs. Arnold said. "That's the only thing I'm really *sure* of. Insanity is one of the things I mean."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That's my trouble, Doctor." Mrs. Arnold sat back and took her gloves out from under her pocketbook and put them carefully on top. Then she took them and put them underneath the pocketbook again.

"Suppose you just tell me all about it," the doctor said.

Mrs. Arnold sighed. "Everyone else seems to understand," she said, "and I don't. Look." She leaned forward and gestured with one hand while she spoke. "I don't understand the way people live. It all used to be so simple. When I was a little girl I used to live in a world where a lot of other people lived too and they all lived together and things went along like that, with no fuss." She looked at the doctor. He was frowning again. Mrs. Arnold went on, her voice rising slightly. "Look. Yesterday morning my husband stopped on his way to his office to buy a paper. He always buys the *Times* and he always buys it from the same dealer, and yesterday the dealer didn't have a *Times* for my husband and last night when he came home for dinner he said the fish was burned and the dessert was too sweet and he sat around all evening talking to himself."

"He could have tried to get it at another dealer's," the doctor said. "Very often dealers downtown have papers later than local dealers."

"No," Mrs. Arnold said slowly and distinctly, "I guess I'd better start over. When I was a little girl," she said. Then she stopped. "Look," she said, "did there use to be words like 'psychosomatic medicine'? Or 'international cartels'? Or 'bureaucratic centralization'?"

"Well," the doctor began.

"What do they *mean?*" Mrs. Arnold asked.

"In a period of international crisis," the doctor said gently, "when you find, for instance, cultural patterns rapidly disintegrating—"

"International crisis," Mrs. Arnold said. "Patterns." She began to cry quietly. "He said the man had no *right* not to save him a *Times,*" she said hysterically, fumbling in her purse for a handkerchief, "and he started talking about social planning on the local level and surtax net income and geopolitical concepts and deflationary inflation." Mrs. Arnold's voice rose to a wail. "He really said 'deflationary inflation.' "

"Mrs. Arnold," the doctor said, coming around the desk, "we're not going to help things any this way."

"What is going to help?" Mrs. Arnold said. "Is everyone really crazy but me?"

"Mrs. Arnold," the doctor said severely, "I want you to get hold of yourself. In a disoriented world like ours today, alienation from reality frequently—"

"Disoriented," Mrs. Arnold said. She stood up. "Alienation," she said. "Reality." Before the doctor could stop her, she walked to the door and opened it. "Reality," she said, and went out.

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

BIRTHS

Born a son weighing 61 pounds, Saturday, April 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. G. B. C——, Blairsville, Pa. Congratulations.
—*Blairsville (Pa.) Dispatch.*

To put it mildly.

IT'S UNDERWOOD'S!
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM
GET SEVERAL CANS OF THIS FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD NOW WHILE GROCERS HAVE PLENTY!
UNDERWOOD TRADE MARK NET WEIGHT 3 OUNCES DEVILED HAM
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

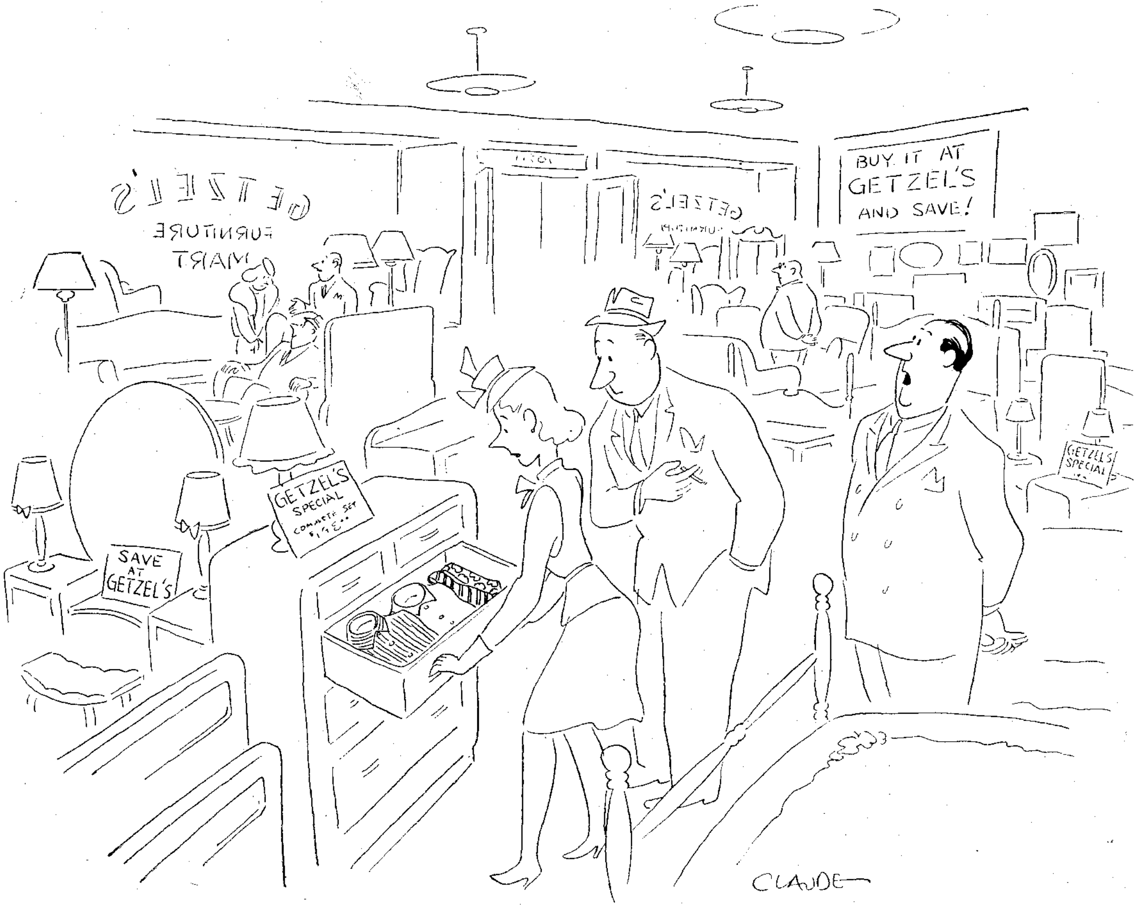
ABOUT THE HOUSE

ALTHOUGH table china has been a prime favorite on shopping lists throughout this year's apparently permanent wedding season, midsummer finds both of the W. H. Plummer shops, 7 East 35th Street and 695 Fifth Avenue (54th), in shape to go right on taking care of all comers. Plummer considers itself especially fortunate in having on hand at the moment more English china breakfast sets (even though they're only single-service ones) than a lot of people, including me, expected to see again until after the war. There's quite a variety, too. The sets range upward in ornateness and price from tray services in a white swirl design, with handles and knobs in color, at $28. The white china sets, with fruit or flower knobs on the covered pieces and handles in blue, pink, green, or yellow, are $38. Solid-color sets in deep pink, grass green, or daffodil yellow, also in the Old Favorite class, are $42 for sixteen pieces. These include a tall, covered pitcher for hot milk, a pleasant characteristic of English breakfast services. You can also find tea-for-two sets at Plummer—pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and twin cake plates and cups and saucers. They are done in fine and often distinguished English chinas, such as a delicately flowered Crown Staffordshire ($22). Jam or marmalade jars ($4.50 each) in flowery Derby, or plain Crown Staffordshire with fruit knobs, make nice presents.

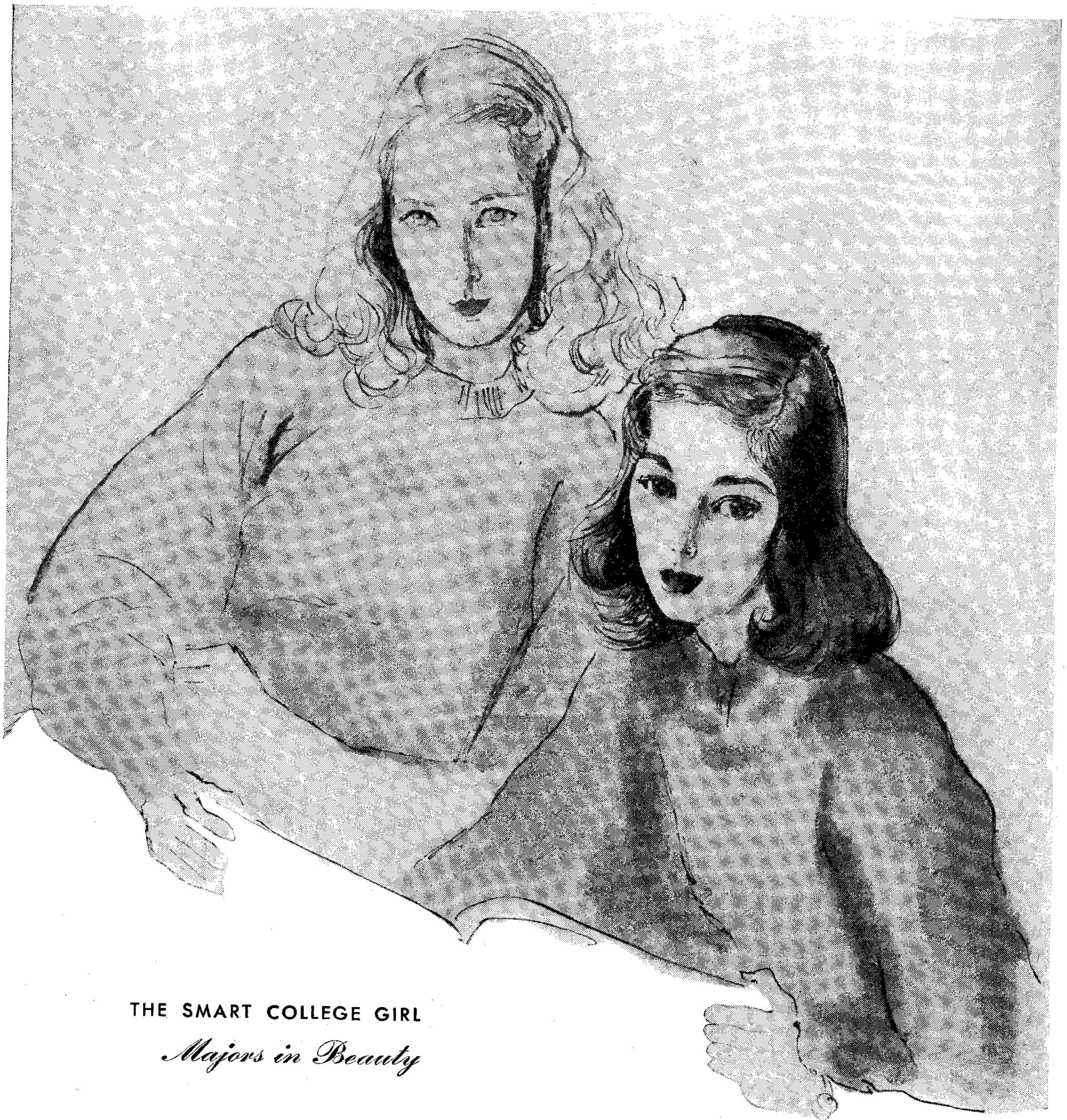
Plummer still has plenty of those Staffordshire flower clusters, beautifully modelled and hand-painted, and of the right size for tray, table, and whatnot-shelf decoration. Similar small china bouquets appear as knobs upon boudoir pillboxes ($4.50) and cigarette boxes ($8.50), the latter with ashtrays to match ($3.75). But the Doulton dogs, once so plentiful here, are just about gone. Unless you're a collector, though, you may well accept an agreeable substitute—some new spaniels and Dalmatians in an English bone china of creditable modelling and glaze. They're about four inches tall, if that's the way you measure dogs, and they cost $15 each. You will also find here a small colony of china gnomes, engaged in assorted gnomish occupations, which were designed, I'm told, to develop the collecting urge in children. Just why that urge needs encouraging, I couldn't say.

The china department at Georg Jensen, up at 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is also undisturbed by shortages and rumors of shortages, and it seems extraordinarily well equipped to provide gift hunters with tableware of fine American china. Wedding-present china is not inexpensive (it never was), but at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the money you spend on it is money well spent. The delicacy and formal elegance of Jensen's lovely Brown Iris pattern, with the single flower which marks each piece done in soft browns, lightly touched with red and gold, on a cream-white surface, should be enough to delight anyone. It is used in a complete open-stock dinner service. The china called Virginia Gardens has an old-fashioned flower-bouquet design, also on a creamy ground, rimmed in pale gray-green and gold. There's also a limited edition of a dozen dessert plates, each painted with a different native wildflower cluster. A new Worcester pattern (this one is English, naturally), called Hampton Court, flowery in the Oriental manner and with the characteristic shining enamel highlights, comes in open-stock dinnerware. Field Lily, with a spectacular cluster of large, anemone-like blossoms on eggshell china, is the pick, I think, of the lower-priced group.

It's not news, I know, that Jensen has some very fine, very expensive Swedish table-service glass, but you may be less familiar with a new group of highball, short-highball (that's what they call them), and cocktail glasses. The glass is thick, smooth, clear, and



"Those are Mr. Getzel's. Mr. Getzel lives here."



THE SMART COLLEGE GIRL

Majors in Beauty

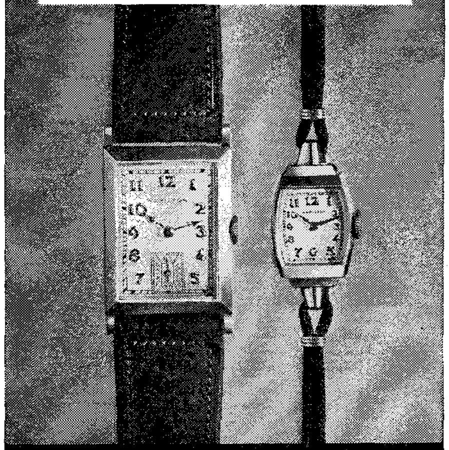
Not a snap course, you say? Of course not . . . but what results you get! Not mere passing marks, mind you . . . but *cum laude* and with honors that aren't just written on parchment.

No indeed . . . the college girl who applies herself to better looks as diligently as she applies herself to chemistry or athletics is going to have honors as long as she likes. She's smart enough to take care of her skin and hair and figure right NOW, building for the future . . . instead of waiting until faults begin to show, troubles get out of hand. She follows the beauty routine planned for her young skin by Elizabeth Arden . . . she chooses makeup and diet and exercise with care . . . and she knows she'll never be an "old grad"—as far as looks go, anyhow.

Elizabeth Arden

"I'm waiting for a Hamilton"

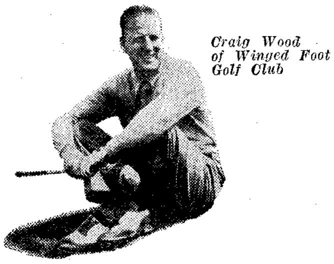
"*No second-best for me!* I'm waiting for a *Hamilton*, the watch that's now at war (along with many other Hamilton instruments). But soon there'll be a new Hamilton, a watch worth waiting for!"



THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna

PROMINENT GOLFER SAYS "IT'S THE BEST!"



Craig Wood of Winged Foot Golf Club

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Use Neatsope also on shoes, luggage, handbags, upholstery, all leather except suède, to protect against scuffing, soften, bring back color. Penetrates wet or dry leather. Leaves no grease or odor. Does not interfere with use of regular polish. Nothing else quite like it! 25c and $1 at dept. and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold.

NEATSOPE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

sparkling, the bases are heavy, and the edges are guaranteed to be chip-proof. These glasses are big enough for hearty drinkers, and seem altogether too handsome to cost but $10 a dozen.

THOSE Marghab linens, which you can get only at Jensen, continue to testify to their makers' inexhaustible faith in a postwar world where ladies again will breakfast prettily in bed, people will take time out for leisurely dining at exquisitely appointed tables, and laundresses who love their work will be back on the job at those lovely old popular prices. Even now, the Marghabs seem to be finding it worth while to keep Jensen supplied with an astonishing amount of their beautiful things, ranging in size and elegance from tiny finger-bowl doilies all the way to great, four-yard dinner cloths of shadow-embroidered Margandy (their own hand-loomed improvement upon organdie—gossamer but practically indestructible). My own choice would be a set of linen sheets and pillowcases, the cases and top sheets scallop-edged with approximately a million tiny, precise embroidery stitches and bearing a fountain spray of embroidered plumes for decoration. The bottom sheet is just an old plain-jane—hand-hemstitched, that's all. These are in all-white or a soft powder blue which, like all of the Marghab colors, looks good enough to eat. The linen sheets and cases on hand will be the last for a while, but the Marghabs will go right on turning out sets of cotton sheeting (feels like percale to me), which a great many people profess to like better than linen anyway. A cotton top sheet with a pink or blue ribbon design in embroidery is $35; cases to match, $9 each.

Maybe the Marghab dream world turned my head, but I don't know where you could find a lovelier wedding present than a tea cloth of pearl-gray Margandy, embroidered with hibiscus flowers, and six linen napkins to match. There's *no* need to worry about the laundry problem; the bride who can't handle something like this with her own two hands, however unaccustomed to labor, will probably eventually go home to Mother anyway. Guest towels in linen, with calla-lily embroidery ($2.89) or in the finest possible diaper-weave bird's-eye with a rose-arbor design ($6.70), are bridal possibilities, too. And don't, for anything, miss a perfect tea cozy—down-filled, light as a puffball, and slip-covered in Margandy with embroidery designs to match the ones on the tea and tray cloths; $11 to $25 or, in a small breakfast-tray size, $6.50 to $15.

Marghab fabrics, like fine china, are nowhere near bargain-basement prices, but then they are not bargain-basement fabrics, either.

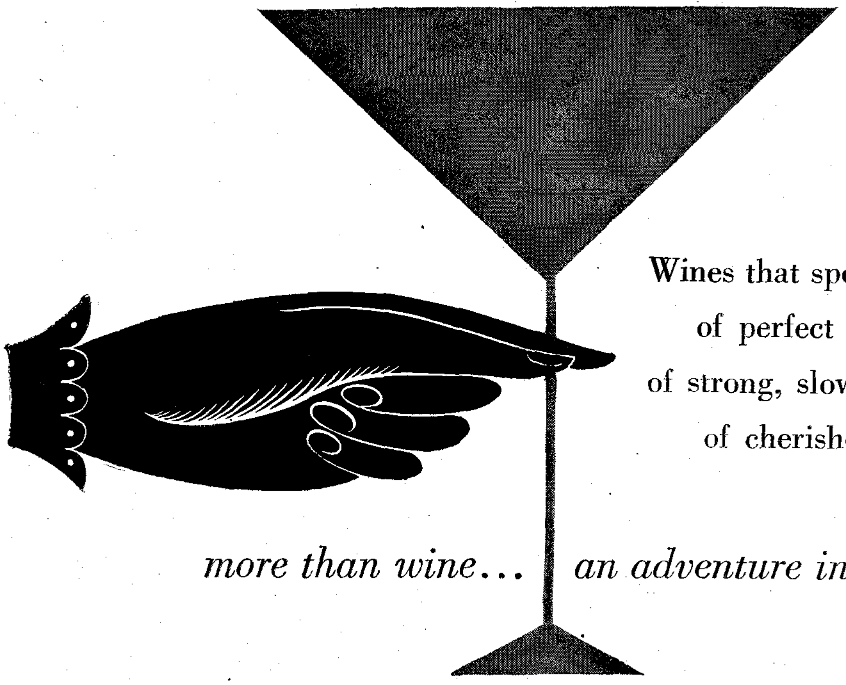
MOSSE, at 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd), always the champion of fine linen, has found some which is handspun in a coarse open weave. This has been made up into seventeen-piece place-mat sets, hand-hemmed and in wonderful Mosse colors, such as chartreuse, royal blue, gray, red, and so on. If your ideal in a mat is one which never has to be laundered, Mosse can fix you up with *that*, too. His clear plastic mat ($1.25), with a design like old-fashioned eyelet petticoat-ruffle embroidery, in white, needn't be retired for the day once lunch is over, for it will look presentable under all but the most formal dinner china. Ladies who yearn for the wonderful, rough-textured friction towels that used to come from Europe will be happy to hear that Mosse is providing a substitute in a big, reasonably rough linen bath towel, with nice wide hems, made by Martex; $10.50 a pair. I noticed, too, that he still has a quantity of that incomparable French laundry bluing, two boxes for seventy-five cents, and some of the lovely, creamy Guimet tint for linens and laces, two boxes (about a year's supply for any but the most unusual household) for $1. —B. B.

•

CEILING UNLIMITED

It's nice to see the shops display
Their customary fine array
Of melons, berries, apricots,
Peaches, and pears in luscious lots.
Summer has yielded up her store
As she has done in years before.
One thinks of shortcakes, pies, and tarts,
And cloven cantaloupes whose hearts
Are salmon-pink and musky-sweet—
In fact, the catalogue's complete.
Oh, yes, the markets have them all,
A temptingly delicious haul.
Berries at eighty cents a box
Are not a bit unorthodox;
Cherries at sixty cents a pound
Can very easily be found,
While there's no lack of choicer things
To titillate our hankerings.
It's nice to know that Nature still
Has such a generous horn to spill,
Even if prices have to rocket.
The only ceiling's cash in pocket.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS



Wines that speak of earth's delights,
of perfect grapes and matchless skills,
of strong, slow growth through dewy nights,
of cherished vines on ancient hills.

more than wine... an adventure in living

GONZALEZ, BYASS

fine imported Sherries and Ports

For over 100 years, Gonzalez, Byass have been producers and shippers of world renowned sherries and ports. The luscious grapes for its Ports are grown along the Duoro River in Portugal. Its authentic Sherries come from the Jerez district of Spain . . . *A Schenley Import, your best guide to wines.*

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IMPORTED
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JEREZ
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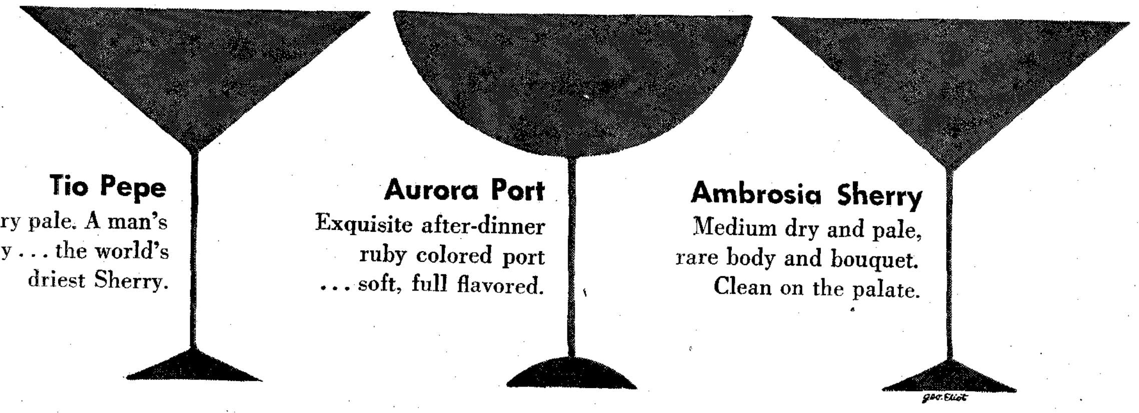

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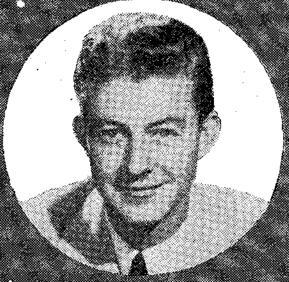

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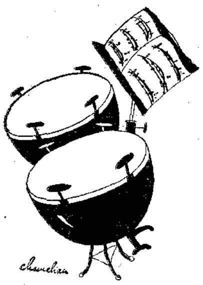
MUSICAL EVENTS

Stadium Retrospective

THE Stadium Concerts have been going along in their customary smooth fashion this summer, supplying nightly (weather willing) orchestral, ballet, or operatic fare. The programs at the Stadium have been substantial for the most part, equivalent in content to the music heard hereabouts during the "regular" season. This isn't news, I'll admit, because the Stadium has been functioning, and satisfactorily, on these lines for twenty-seven years. Those twenty-seven years of Stadium concerts have proved many things, such as that it's fun to listen to music with your coat off, but they haven't proved that there is a definite catalogue of music especially suited for al-fresco performance. For instance, it often happens that a rather intimate business, such as Josef Hofmann's poetic performance of Beethoven's fifth piano concerto last week, is more impressive than an uproarious overture. It may be that a mood is as dynamic in its effect as a fortissimo, after all, but I'll leave that one to analysts of a more philosophic turn of mind.



A HIGH spot of the season was the appearance at one concert of Leonard Bernstein and Lukas Foss, two musicians who won recognition this year from the New York Music Critics' Circle. Mr. Bernstein, you may recall, received an award for his "Jeremiah" symphony and Mr. Foss got a special citation for his cantata "The Prairie." These young men, neither of whom was born when the Stadium Concerts opened shop, in 1918, made their joint appearance not as composers but as performers. Mr. Bernstein, during a sequence of concerts he was conducting, took over as soloist one evening for the Ravel piano concerto, and invited Mr. Foss to conduct the work. Aided by the Philharmonic-Symphony, these two gentlemen turned in an exhilarating performance of a composition that needs just the sort of playing it was given to be most effective. The Ravel concerto, fascinating though it is, is a spotty piece of work. Messrs. Bernstein and Foss didn't knock the inherent spots out of it, but they certainly made the most of its many excellences. This was not simply a good job by a fine pianist and an able and understanding conductor; it was a performance produced by a couple of accomplished and up-and-coming musicians.

THE season also brought forth a notable departure from Stadium ballet practice—an evening devoted to a dance program by only two artists instead of the customary troupe. The two performers, however, were Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, who are almost a ballet company in themselves. Solo dances and duets have to be spectacular to stand out in the Stadium, especially since it is impossible for a good many members of the audience to see the dancers' feet except when the performers are leaping. However, even if the evening wasn't precisely a balletomane's dream, Miss Markova and Mr. Dolin managed to register satisfactorily and sometimes astonishingly. Mr. Dolin's interpretation of Ravel's Bolero was not quite a Dolin masterpiece, but it "carried" into the farthest reaches of the Stadium. Miss Markova's "The Dying Swan," which had its first American showing on this occasion, was charmingly done, and was extra-good Stadium material because it's not absolutely imperative to see the swan's feet.

Antal Dorati, one of the added starters to the Stadium's original list of maestri, directed this performance with his customary expertness in ballet music. He also directed a number of purely orchestral items, of which Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloë" suite was particularly striking.

THE Stadium seems to be developing a new opera audience. A number of people followed a performance of "Carmen," noteworthy chiefly for the alertness and firmness of Alexander Smallens' conducting, with libretti.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

A CORRECTION

AVALON—*It was erroneously stated in* last week's issue that Harold E. Texter, master of ceremonies at the Avalon Marine Ballroom this summer, was also caretaker of this resort's rest rooms. Mr. Texter informs us that he is definitely not caretaker of the rest rooms.—*Stone Harbor (N.J.) Seven Mile Beach Reporter.*

Let's not have any confusion on *that* score!

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION AND CORRECTION

The Editors, The New Yorker,
Sirs:

I'M worried. Who is this lady described in your recent Profile under the title "We"? She claims my name, my parentage, and some part of my recent and current recorded doings. It is very confusing and alarming. She seems to share a little of my past and my present—not very much, it is true, none of the multifarious activities which jostle around in my life, except the part which pertains to Shakespeare, for this is where she exerts her possessive copyright. The vampire! She seems to be a sort of disembodied spirit, wandering into human affairs hand in hand with the august shade of the Swan of Avon. In fact, he and she appear to be almost as closely related as that other legendary figure, Leda, and her Swan.

But she has borrowed enough of my profile to create a certain confusion. Not that we look much alike; she has a "mannish" haircut (does the male staff of *The New Yorker* lean to curls on the forehead?) and "giddily" lavishes mascara upon her eyelashes, whereas only Mother Nature can be held responsible for mine. Her manner apparently combines the trancelike (shades of W.S., of course) with a kind of loud-voiced and explosive asperity which would, I imagine, make it nearly impossible for her to handle the delicate mechanisms of actors' temperaments and authors' susceptibilities. But since she has not, as I have, directed some twenty or more modern plays, or played sixty or seventy parts by living authors, this problem would hardly arise for her.

She seems to have no views or interests outside the theatre and very limited ones in it, no aspirations, and, it is said, no private existence. She is "dreamy" about world affairs of today, a state of consciousness which fills me with incredulity not wholly untinged with envy. But of course they may be, in her Shakespeare's words, "bad dreams." For she lives, I gather, in an ivory tower, harried and haunted by the imperious spirit of W.S. From time to time she leans over the wall to bark bad-temperedly at a variety of human passers-by, such as actors, producers, Maurice Evans, President Roosevelt, and the New York Critics' Circle. Her reasoning on these occasions seems to me as obscure as her manner is deplor-

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able, and both are marked by a singular lack of humor.

And yet, if I could get in touch with her, I feel sure she could help me. Whenever I have handled Shakespeare's plays, I have found it a delicate and humbling business. I feel convinced that her omniscience would be very fortifying to me. Could you, perhaps, tell me where she is to be found? For, as I said, I am getting worried.

Yours pleadingly,
the other
Margaret Webster

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*Speech of the Hon. John E. Rankin of Mississippi in the House of Representatives, June 13th, as printed in the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Rankin. Mr. Speaker, it is more than fitting that we occasionally have a note of gladness to cheer us in these solemn hours.

Some time ago I called the attention of the House to the fact that the Legislature of Mississippi had selected the mockingbird as the official bird—the feathered emblem of our State.

He seems now to be appealing to Congress for national recognition. Just outside the front door of the Capitol, atop a cluster of shrubbery, there is one that every person in the United States ought to hear.

I believe he is the most irresistible lobbyist I have ever known. Men fairly melt beneath the magnetism of his matchless eloquence. If something is not done about it, he is going to captivate the whole Congress, and have himself unanimously chosen as our national representative of "all the feathered tribe."

Members become so entranced that they have to literally tear themselves away to keep from missing the sessions of the House. You know it is said that Alcibiades once stopped up his ears and fled from the presence of Socrates for fear that he would grow old listening to his eloquence. He afterwards caused the downfall of Greece.

Maybe the country would be better off if more of us would pause and listen longer to the song of this all-American bird.

I have asked that his "remarks be taken down" and transmitted by radio to every home in America, and to our soldiers overseas. What an inspiration it would be for those brave boys from the South who are on the various fighting fronts to hear this familiar note from home.

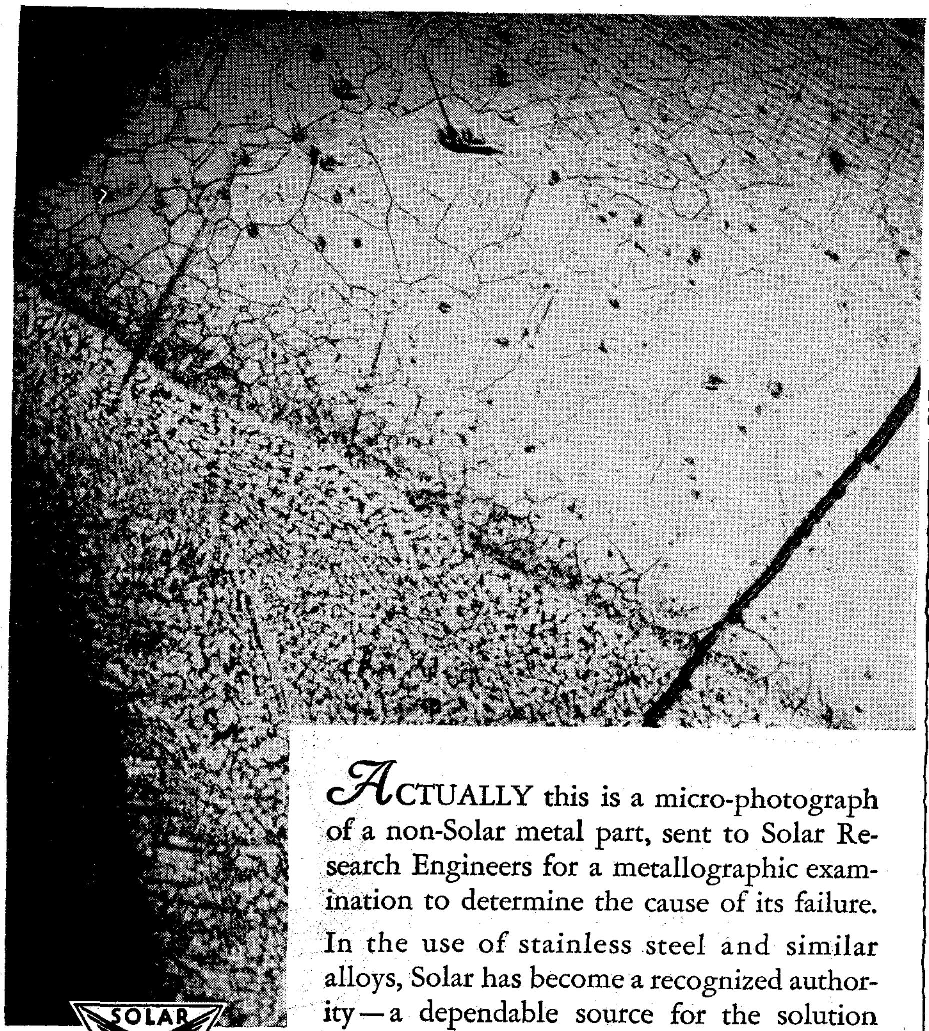
The average person outside of the South never heard a real mockingbird; and I want them to understand just what temptation we are being subjected to by the wiles of this "amorous sojourner."

He is the most persuasive witness that has yet appeared to testify before Congress in his own behalf.

He seems to know when Congress convenes, and does not waste his time here . . .

[Editors' Note: Remaining one hundred and forty-five lines deleted because of paper shortage.]

INVASION COAST?



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THE RACE TRACK

At Concert Pitch

FIRST FIDDLE and Johnny Longden, his jockey, turned in the best performance of the whole Empire City meeting, at Jamaica, in winning the Butler Handicap last Saturday. That isn't much of a compliment, I suppose, since the less said about most of the other racing there the better. First Fiddle carried much more weight than any other horse in the Butler, and plenty of people were alarmed because Longden bided his time while Stir Up set a fast pace for nearly a mile. But Longden slipped First Fiddle around the field on the turn for home and got him home a snub nose ahead of Alex Barth. For the benefit of horseplayers who fuss with stop watches, I can report that First Fiddle ran the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:56, a track record. Also, for those specialists who try to figure out how many pounds equal a length, or vice versa, First Fiddle carried two pounds more than he did when he beat Alex Barth by two lengths in the Massachusetts Handicap a couple of weeks ago. Practically perfect handicapping, if you ask me.

First Fiddle is a dark-gray horse by Royal Minstrel out of Rueful (a daughter of Regret, the Twilight Tear of thirty years ago), but he isn't nearly as crotchety or flighty as most of Royal Minstrel's sons. He does have an eccentricity or two. For example, when he's being saddled in the paddock, he must be faced toward the rear of his stall, because he gets upset if he sees the other horses who are getting ready to run. Colonel C. V. Whitney, who bred First Fiddle and raced him for a while without much luck, sold him for $2,500 in 1941 to Ed Mulrenan, a professional horseman. For some time First Fiddle has been just about Mulrenan's entire stable, but there are owners of much larger establishments who haven't done nearly so well. Last season First Fiddle picked up $45,130 in prize money and so far this year he has earned $120,180.

LONGDEN suffered a painful injury to his right foot only the day before the Butler, when he was thrown from Dine 'n Dance, but he rode First Fiddle with surprising assurance, taking the long way around. A lot of people wondered why he rode at all. The reason, to be frank about it, was that he wanted that ten per cent of the purse a winning owner always gives to his jockey. This one came to $3,830.

I've never seen a more unusual spill than the one Longden had. Dine 'n Dance was running easily, lengths ahead of her field, when she swerved and smashed against the inside rail of the track. Longden tumbled off, just missing a pole as he fell. Dine 'n Dance then caromed into Meadow Maid, knocking Arcaro out of her saddle. One of Arcaro's knees was rather badly bruised. Not even Longden knows what made Dine 'n Dance swerve, but it looked to me as though she flinched and ducked when Longden hit her with his whip. The official opinion of the stewards, however, was that she shied at a piece of paper blown across the track by the wind. One of Jack's Green Cards, perhaps.

AH me, the Saratoga meeting again! I must admit that having it at Belmont isn't such a bad idea, but an old sentimentalist like me misses the Spa. This year's program has been rearranged a bit, so here are a few dates of races to remember. The Alabama Stakes will be run on August 8th and the Travers Stakes on August 12th. Twilight Tear is in both, and, the other three-year-olds being what they are, she could win the pair of them with almost no effort. The Saratoga Association's Grande Semaine will begin with the Travers and the Saratoga Special, which is also on August 12th. Burg-el-Arab isn't in the Special, but Pavot and Flood Town are. The Whitney Stakes is on August 15th, the Spinaway on August 16th, the Gideon Putnam Handicap (a new number for older sprinters) on August 18th, and the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, now a $50,000 event, on August 19th. Back in 1938, when the Saratoga Handicap was worth only $7,500, it had forty-four entries; this year, it has thirty-eight. Perhaps money doesn't make the mare go after all.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

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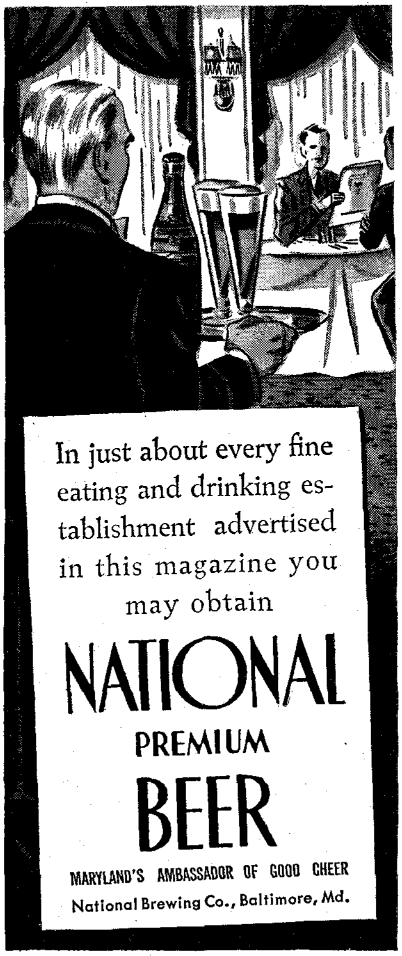
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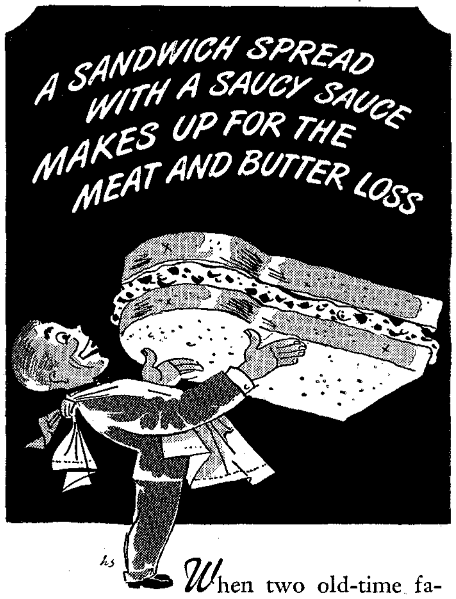
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BOOKS

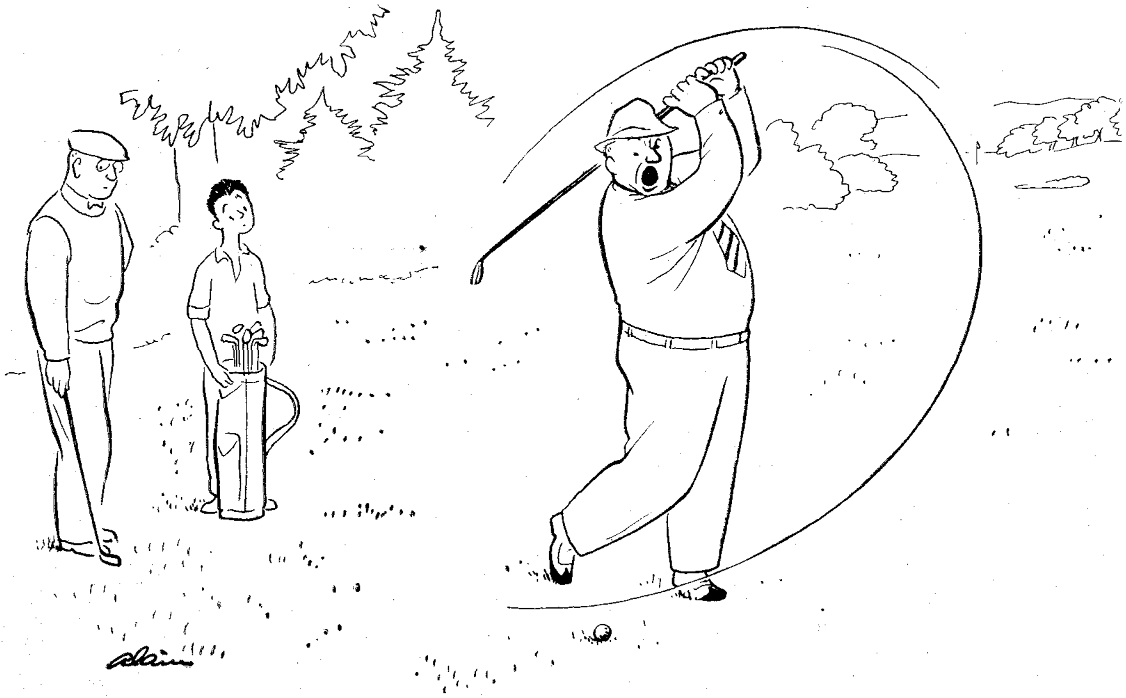
A Guide to "Finnegans Wake"

"A SKELETON KEY TO 'FINNEGANS WAKE,'" by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson (Harcourt, Brace), is an indispensable book for anyone interested in Joyce and should make many new readers for "Finnegans Wake."

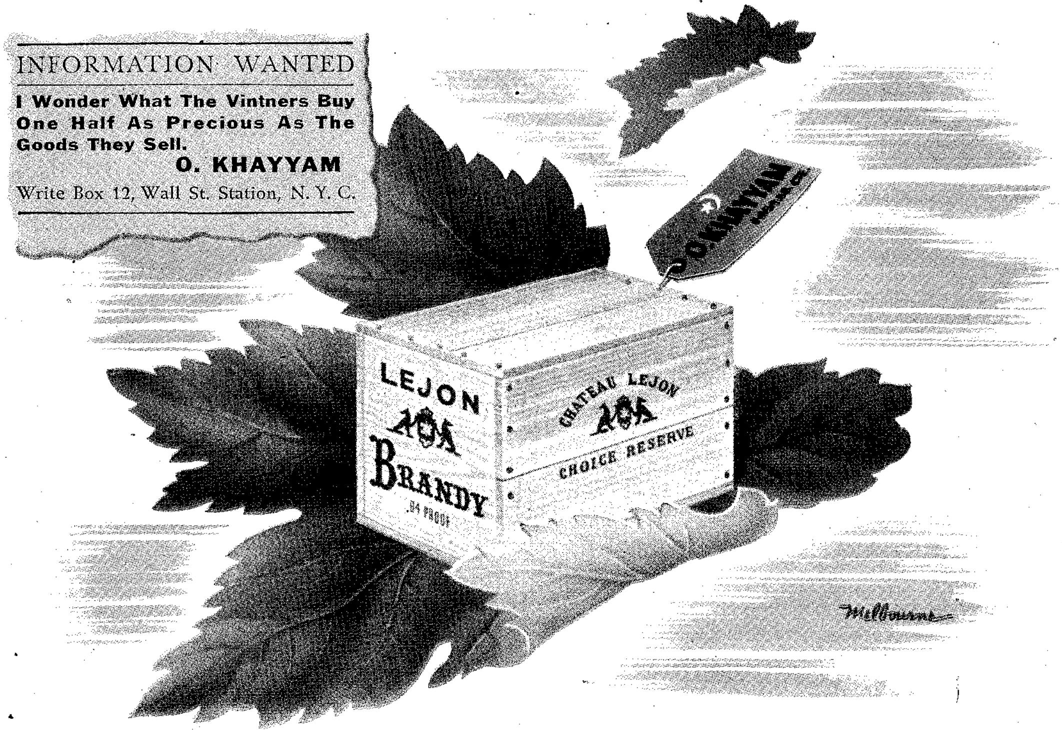
This last book of James Joyce is a very great poem, one of the top works of literature of our time. It is in some ways, in fact, an even more extraordinary work than "Ulysses"—digging deeper into human psychology, breaking new intellectual ground, and exhibiting Joyce's musical genius as perhaps none of his other books does. Yet "Finnegans Wake" has acquired the reputation of being inordinately difficult to read, and Joyce has even been accused in some quarters of having perpetrated an insolent hoax or excreted an insane mess of gibberish. Even readers who have admired "Ulysses" have been reluctant to tackle its successor. But the book has now been out five years, and it is time that these doubts and inhibitions were dispelled. The appearance of the Campbell-Robinson key should open a new era in the acceptance and currency of "Finnegans Wake." In recommending this guide, however, I want to make a few suggestions of my own which are, it seems to me, needed to supplement their introduction.

In the first place, it is an excellent thing, though perhaps not absolutely required, for the reader to be fairly familiar with the other writings of Joyce. Then, it will help this reader immensely if he comes to "Finnegans Wake" with some acquaintance with Virgil, Dante, and Milton. It is a better equipment for Joyce to know something of the most accomplished masters of the writing of fiction in verse than to have formed one's ideas of literary art from the reading of modern novels. The art of narrative literature was brought by the great epic poets of the past to a point from which it later declined with the rise of the prose novel. A man like Dante has a command of language, a power to make it render the nuances of atmosphere, color, sound, phases of feeling, and traits of personality, in comparison with which the writing of even a respectable novelist of the infancy of the novel, like Fielding, seems quite wooden, hardly writing at all. It was only with the Romantics that the language of prose fiction began to be flexible and sensitive enough to represent directly—by the sound and the look and the connotations of words—the things that it was describing. Flaubert was the first writer of prose fiction to challenge the ancients on this ground, and Flaubert had his limitations: his effects, like his mood, are monotonous. But he was studied and emulated by Joyce, whose range was enormously wider and who turned out to be, in fact, as T. S. Eliot said, the greatest master of language in English since Milton. "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" are epics which not only perform feats of style hitherto unknown in the novel but also, like the "Aeneid" and "The Divine Comedy," deal with national myths and the destiny of man in a way that is unexpected for the ordinary novel reader. "Ulysses" had still enough of the framework of conventional fiction so that this ordinary reader could navigate it at the cost of a little effort. "Finnegans Wake," however, though it was more "realistic" than it looked at first sight, seemed completely to have cast off the conventions.

The epic of "Ulysses" consisted of a day in the lives of certain characters; that of "Finnegans Wake" covers the sleeping life of a man during a single night. The next difficulty is to grasp this design. We may understand the purpose of Dante to construct an all-comprehensive poem out of a vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; and we may not be baffled in the least by such literary renderings of dream or trance as De Quincey's opium rhapsodies, Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony," Lewis Carroll's "Alice" books, or the dreams in Dostoevski's novels. Yet we may not be prepared for a book of more than six hundred pages which plunges us into a man's sleeping mind and keeps us there till he is about to wake up. Nor is it easy at first to realize that Joyce is using the resources of a poet to present not only the billowing emotions and the kaleidoscopic imagery of a dream but also to render with accuracy all the physical states of sleep. I may give a simple example, since the authors of the "Skeleton Key" have not emphasized this aspect of "Finnegans Wake." The heavy breathing and the snoring of the hero run all through the book and are exploited for poetic effects



"Damn these reprocessed golf balls!"



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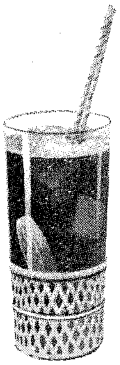

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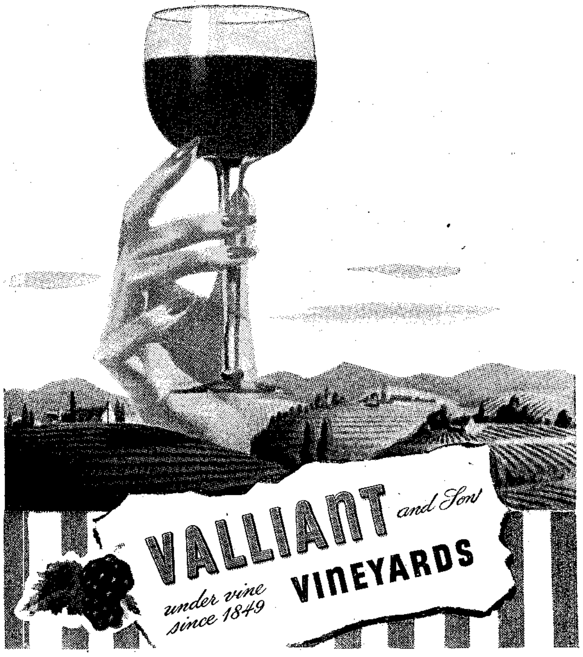
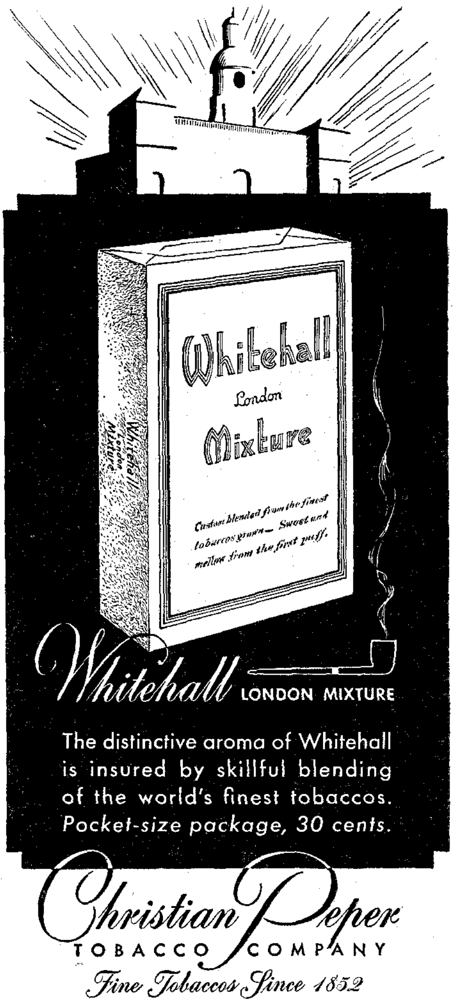


which it might well be thought that no great poet would be so bold or so absurd as to attempt and which yet are made to contribute triumphantly to some of Joyce's most lyrical writing. The heaving of the four heavy breaths which always marks the hero's subsidence into a deeper stratum of sleep provides much grotesque humor, such as the "What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?" of the inarticulate conversation between the loutish prehistoric men, but it also gives the fall of darkness and the widening of the river at the close of the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" chapters, one of the incomparably beautiful things in the book: "Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone," etc.

The sleeper of "Finnegans Wake" is a man named H. C. Earwicker, who keeps a pub on the Liffey and has a family consisting of a wife, one daughter, and twin sons. The nexus of his family relations and Earwicker's career in Dublin are the immediate materials of his dream, but Joyce, with his epic intentions and a kind of modern, Jungian conception of a myth-creating mind of the race, has contrived to make his dream universal. How he has done this I need not explain in detail because Campbell and Robinson have explained it better than anybody else has yet done. The dream itself is a myth, with characters and a plot of its own, and though its main elements multiply their aspects with all the shifting metamorphosis of a dream, they are constant and perfectly plain. Do not be put off by the opening pages, which have mysteries for even the adept at Joyce. Earwicker has fallen asleep: he has lost consciousness, but he is not yet dreaming. The moment seems dark and blank, but it is a blur of all his being holds. Joyce has resorted to the device, in "Finnegans Wake," of conveying the ambiguities and vagueness of the visions and sensations of sleep by the invention of punning portmanteau words like the language of "Jabberwocky," and these words have here been crammed with meanings to a point where all the many symbols appear hopelessly jumbled and mashed. Messrs. Campbell and Robinson, however, have unpacked a good many of these meanings, so that we can see what was in the portmanteaux of the first paragraphs of "Finnegans Wake," and thus have eliminated one of the obstacles which have been baffling the willing reader. When you get through this choked defile and the action of the dream begins, you will find yourself among recognizable presences that flicker but speak and move, and the powerful current of language will continue to carry you along even through queer interruptions and eclipses. If you will read the Campbell-Robinson synopsis at the beginning of their "Skeleton Key," you will see that the large architecture of "Finnegans Wake," in spite of the complication of detail, is solid, precise, and simple, as the principal themes of the book are matters of obvious universal experience, so utterly commonplace that the difficulty in grasping them comes sometimes from the sophisticated reader's unreadiness to accept anything so little esoteric as the basic facts of family life, the mixed moral nature of man, and the phenomena of birth, growth, and death rather than from the dense psychological web which Joyce has spun among them or the variegated legendry and language with which they have been embroidered.

The great thing is to get the hang and to follow the line of the myth, and this Campbell and Robinson will help you to do. They have provided a paraphrase of Joyce which disentangles and tightens this line. One may not approve every step of their trail, every abridgment, selection, or reading, and they have sometimes made actual errors, but they have opened up the book to the public at the cost of much patience and care, and they deserve a citation from the Republic of Letters for having succeeded in bringing it out at this time. Mr. Campbell is a folklore scholar, with considerable knowledge of Ireland, who is particularly qualified to interpret Joyce on his mythological and historical sides; Mr. Robinson, who is an editor of *Reader's Digest*, here applies a special skill acquired in whittling down magazine articles to condensing a masterpiece.

This condensation, of course, is compelled to leave a great deal out. The authors' paraphrase of Joyce necessarily strips away most of the master's magnificent poetry, and thus transmits no idea at all of the *emotional* power of the original, since, where everything is not merely described but represented directly, the style is involved with the content to a degree which is not common with contemporary writers. In the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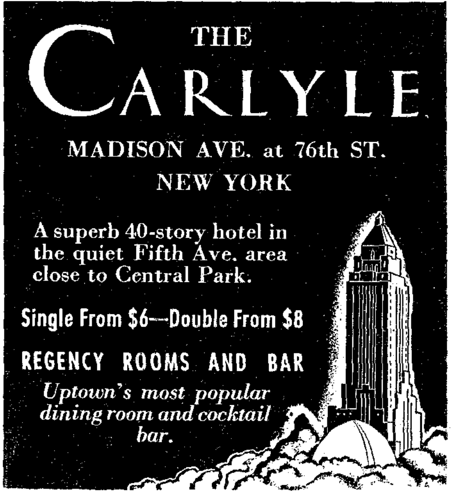
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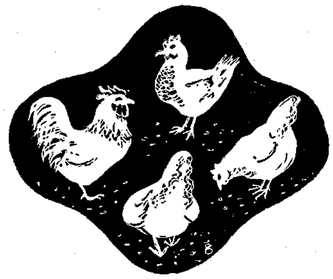
Campbell-Robinson key, you will find almost no indication of the infinite variation in the texture and tone of the writing which reflect the various phases of the night.

Another matter which the authors neglect, in holding on to the sequence of the myth, is the family situation, which has its grip on the whole fantasia. The real story behind the dream story is something that we have to guess at and which it becomes one of the fascinations of reading "Finnegans Wake" to work out. There are moments when it breaks through the myth with its insistent and naked facts, and it is at all times the hidden director which determines the shape of the dream by its alternate impulsions and checks, its quick blendings, and its sudden reversals. The sleeper, who passes from fatigue to refreshment, from death to resurrection, is enacting a universal drama which is enacted every night by every man in the world; but every man is a particular man, and this man is a particular Dubliner, asleep on a certain night in a room above a certain pub in the bosom of a certain family. The authors of the "Skeleton Key" have pretty nearly combed the real family away in presenting their simplification of the myth; they tend to disregard the indications which Joyce is very careful to plant about Earwicker's real situation; and they do not always seem quite clear about the author's technique in dealing with the connection between the dream and these realities. They, for example, simply follow the language of the dream in the question-and-answer chapter, which is intended, though the real questions and answers are always just around the corner from the dreamed ones, to give the reader a very definite statement of the location and personnel of the household; and they seem to think that Earwicker, through part of the book, has been lying drunk on the floor of the pub, and that he goes upstairs to bed at some point, and that later, in the scene before dawn, when one of the twins wakes the mother and she goes into his room to calm him, the husband really goes in with her and afterwards has intercourse with her, whereas it is plain that, in the first case, the falling on the floor and the going upstairs themselves take place in the dream and that, in the second, he has hardly awakened but, half aware of what his wife is doing, has sunk back into fitful slumber. It is an essential feature of the plan of the book, it makes its artistic unity, that Earwicker shall be always in bed and that he shall never wake up till morning —just the moment after the book ends. The later chapters of the "Skeleton Key" are thus definitely unsatisfactory. The authors prove themselves heroically strong in the cracking of such formidable nuts as the colloquy between St. Patrick and the Archdruid, but they are weak and even misleading on the more obvious human elements which make the end of "Finnegans Wake" one of the greatest things Joyce ever wrote.



In any case, if you have not tried "Finnegans Wake," you cannot do better than to get it and get the Campbell-Robinson key and prepare to have them around several years. A few more last words of guidance. The conditions for reading this book are different, so far as I know, from those for reading any other ever written. You have to take it rather slowly, a section at a time, and you have to keep on rereading it. Joyce worked on it through seventeen years, and it is equivalent to about seventeen books by the ordinary gifted writer. You may think it too much that Joyce should ask you to strain your wits over solving his elaborate puzzles, but the fact is that a good deal of the book, once you see the general pattern, is readable and comprehensible even when the language is queer. Joyce counts on a certain dimness to give the effect of dream; and for people who do like to solve puzzles, the puzzles are fun to solve. Today, when we are getting so many books in which the style is perfectly clear but the meaning nonexistent or equivocal, it affords a certain satisfaction to read something that looks like nonsense on the surface but underneath makes perfect sense. Admirers of Balzac and Trollope think nothing of devoting years to reading their favorites through, and why should we grudge our time to Joyce? The demands that he makes are considerable, but the rewards he provides are astounding. I do not deny that he is tedious at times: I am bored by the relentless *longueurs* of some of the middle chapters of "Finnegans Wake" just as I am bored by some of the later ones of "Ulysses," and I have found it puts me straight to sleep to try to follow the

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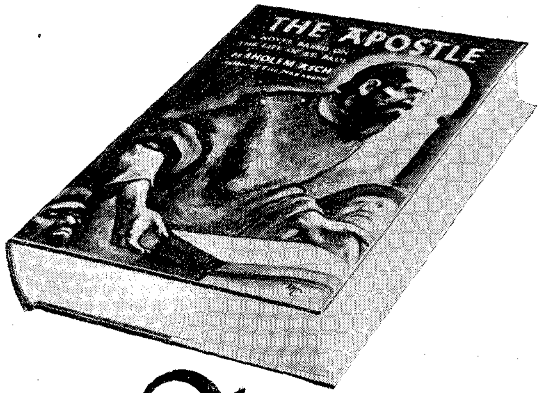

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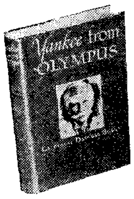

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charting of these wastes which has intrepidly been carried out by the authors of the "Skeleton Key," just as it did to read Joyce's original. But it is an exciting, a unique experience to find pages that have seemed to us gibberish start into vivid life, full of energy, brilliance, passion. The chance to be among the first to explore the wonders of "Finnegans Wake" is one of the few great intellectual and aesthetic treats that these last bad years have yielded.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Wives of High Pasture, by Worth Tuttle Hedden (Doubleday, Doran). Looking on the bright side of what is known as "complex marriage," Mrs. Hedden writes a neatly fictionized account of life in a branch of the Oneida Community in the eighteen-fifties. The society is observed through the eyes of a presentable young visiting Englishman whose mild flirtation with a pretty young member nearly precipitates a tragedy. Everything turns out happily, though, and the author lets out of the bag just enough details on how complex marriage operates to satisfy a gently lecherous curiosity.

Target Island, by John Brophy (Harper). It is no pleasure to report that Mr. Brophy, who can usually be counted on to tell with straightforward simplicity an interesting tale about fighting men, does no more than smoothly mark time in this brief novel. The story concerns the courageous inhabitants of Malta and four R.A.F. fighter pilots who were part of the pitifully small defense of the island in 1942. Out of this sternly dramatic stuff the author has fashioned a sentimental trifle.

GENERAL

Quebec, by Mazo de la Roche (Doubleday, Doran). A first-rate history of one of North America's most history-laden cities, by the author of the Jalna novels. Miss de la Roche writes briskly, sees things with a novelist's eye, avoids the gurgling adjectives that are generally applied to Quebec, and has made, out of some rather old material, a fresh and lively book. In the Seaport Series.

The Marine Corps Reader, edited by Colonel Clyde H. Metcalf, U.S.M.C. (Putnam). Odds and ends about the United States Marines in a mildly interesting anthology that traces the history of the Corps, rather sketchily, from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Bougainville. Most of the contributions were written by Marines, who seem to have evolved their own kind of prose. There are lists of Marines who have won citations in the war, Marine heroes for whom warships have been named, and so on.

Einstein, by Dimitri Marianoff and Palma Wayne (Doubleday, Doran). A chatty, informal, slightly over-affectionate biography of the great scientist, who, if this is a credible likeness, seems a person it would be very easy to grow over-affectionate about. Mr. Marianoff and Miss Wayne, though, let their admiration for their subject encompass just about everything his life has touched upon, including the bricks of Princeton, and their book contains one sentence, "Every brick is a word," which Mr. Einstein himself will have to figure out.

Dictionary of Service Slang, compiled by Park Kendall (Mill). This volume contains vocabularies of the special slang of the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the Spars, the Waves, the Army and Navy Nurses, the Women's Auxiliary of the Marines, the Wrens and Waafs, and the Wacs, along with Australian and New Zealander service slang. Good reading and valuable material for future, more comprehensive dictionaries.

G. I. Songs, written and/or collected by the men in the services, edited by Edgar A. Palmer (Sheridan). The words of a hundred and forty-nine songs (or as much of them as are at all printable) sung by the American troops, with the music of thirty of the most important. An entertaining and varied collection, which ranges from such old college songs as "The Mermaid" and "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer," through the favorites from the last war, like "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," to the new numbers which have become popular in this one, including "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" and "Lili Marleen," the sentimental ballad that the Allies have taken over from the Germans.

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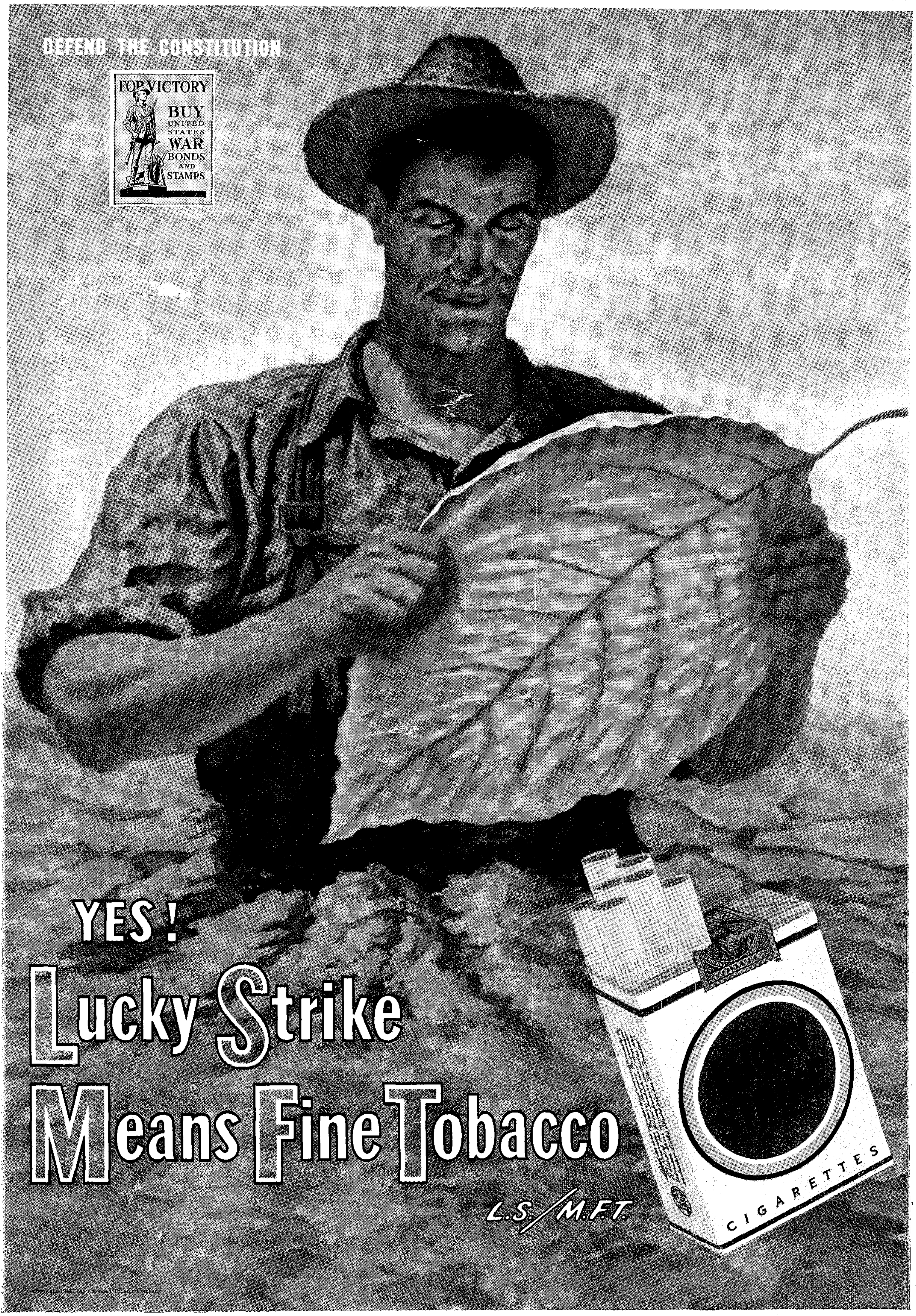
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